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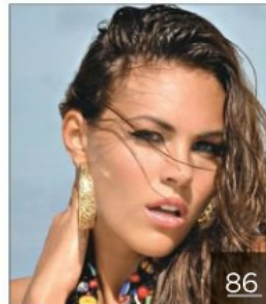
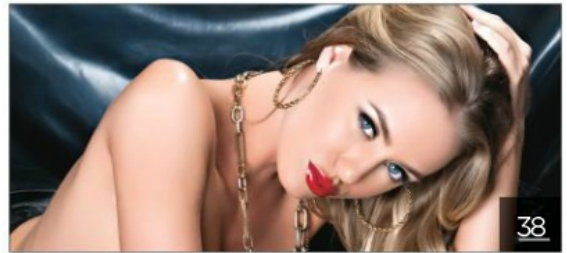


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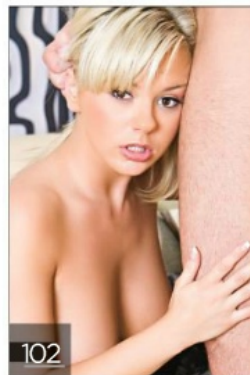
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Truly Unique

Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

The 1930s brought unprecedented innovation in machine-age technology and materials. Industrial designers from the auto industry translated the principles of aerodynamics and streamlining into everyday objects like radios and toasters. It was also a decade when an unequaled variety of watch cases and movements came into being. In lieu of hands to tell time, one such complication, called a jumping mechanism, utilized numerals on a disc viewed through a window. With its striking resemblance to the dashboard gauges and radio dials of the decade, the jump hour watch was indeed "in tune" with the times!

The Stauer 1930s Dashtronic deftly blends the modern functionality of a 21-jewel automatic movement and 3-ATM water resistance with the distinctive, retro look of a jumping



True to Machine Art esthetics, the sleek brushed stainless steel case is clear on the back, allowing a peek at the inner workings.

display (not an actual jumping complication). The stainless steel 1 1/2" case is complemented with a black alligator-embossed leather band. The band is 9 1/2" long and will fit a 7-8 1/2" wrist.

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An Offer I Couldn't Refuse



She grabbed my head and pressed my face against her breasts. She was a vision of lust, with her breasts jutting up, her nipples firm and wet.



One weekend while I was in the kitchen making some sandwiches, my girlfriend kept busy by wandering around my apartment. Cassie found a few copies of *Penthouse* lying around, and when I saw her flipping through them, I asked her what her favorite part of the magazine was. She admitted that it was the letters. She said they gave her ideas, which led to us talking about fantasies. Cassie asked me flat-out if I had ever fantasized about her. I was reluctant to answer until she said that if I told her a fantasy, she would help me live it out then and there.

What an offer! I told her I wanted to strip naked and jerk off in front of her. I wanted her naked as well, so I could come all over her tits. I could see through the flimsy fabric of her tank top that her nipples hardened almost immediately. Without saying a word, Cassie sat down in front of me, smiled, and pulled off her shirt.

My cock was growing by the second as I quickly undressed, taking

in the view of her full boobs. She massaged them and squished them together as she stared at my cock. I bent down and took a nipple between my lips and sucked and licked it. She moaned softly, leaned her head back on the couch, and thrust her tits out even more. She reached between my legs to stroke my cock. Then she grabbed my head and pressed my face against her breasts. I rolled each nipple between my lips, gently biting one, then the other. Cassie's moans grew louder.

Reluctantly, I pulled away and sat across from her in the recliner. I took my dick in my hand and began living out my fantasy, stroking myself faster and faster, focusing my gaze on Cassie's pretty face and awesome breasts. Her dark nipples were hard and pointed, and she licked them as I beat off. Cassie's eyes were riveted to my motions.

I felt myself coming and told her to lie down. She was a vision of lust, with her breasts jutting up, her nipples firm and wet. While I straddled her, still pumping my cock, she unzipped her jeans and slipped her fingers into her

pussy, stroking herself. That pushed me over the edge. I groaned as gobs of jizz streamed out of my cock, coating Cassie's boobs. When I finally regained control, I looked down and saw pools and streams of come on her. She smiled and smeared my seed all over herself, licking drops of it off her fingers.

Cassie pushed me off and said it was her turn now. She wiggled out of her jeans and panties, brought her knees to her chest, spread her legs, and stuck her fingers in her pussy. She masturbated furiously, moaning and groaning until her hips were bucking and she cried out in ecstasy. By then I was semi-hard again, so Cassie got on her knees and slipped her wet lips over the head of my cock. Her mouth was so warm and her lips so soft as she gently bobbed her head up and down, sucking my cock deep into her mouth. Every now and then she'd stop and lick her way to my balls, taking them into her mouth and rolling her tongue around them.

Then Cassie said that she wanted me inside her. I got on the floor and had her sit on my cock so I could play with her tits while we fucked. Her closely shaved bush looked so inviting. Cassie grabbed my prick and rubbed the head against her pussy lips, then spread her legs and lowered herself onto my pole. She eased herself down, impaling herself on my hard rod. Her pussy felt like heaven. I was inside Cassie all the way, and she ground her cunt against my cock. Then she bucked and slid her hips as she fucked me. I reached out and ran my hands along her lovely body, eventually squeezing her breasts, tweaking her nipples, and sucking her boobs into my mouth. Suddenly, Cassie moaned loudly and began humping me wildly. She screamed that she was coming, and come she did!

I pulled out and Cassie kissed her way down to my cock. I exploded in a matter of seconds, filling her mouth with semen. Some of it dribbled out and onto her tits—again. She rubbed in a gob on her nipples, then licked her

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

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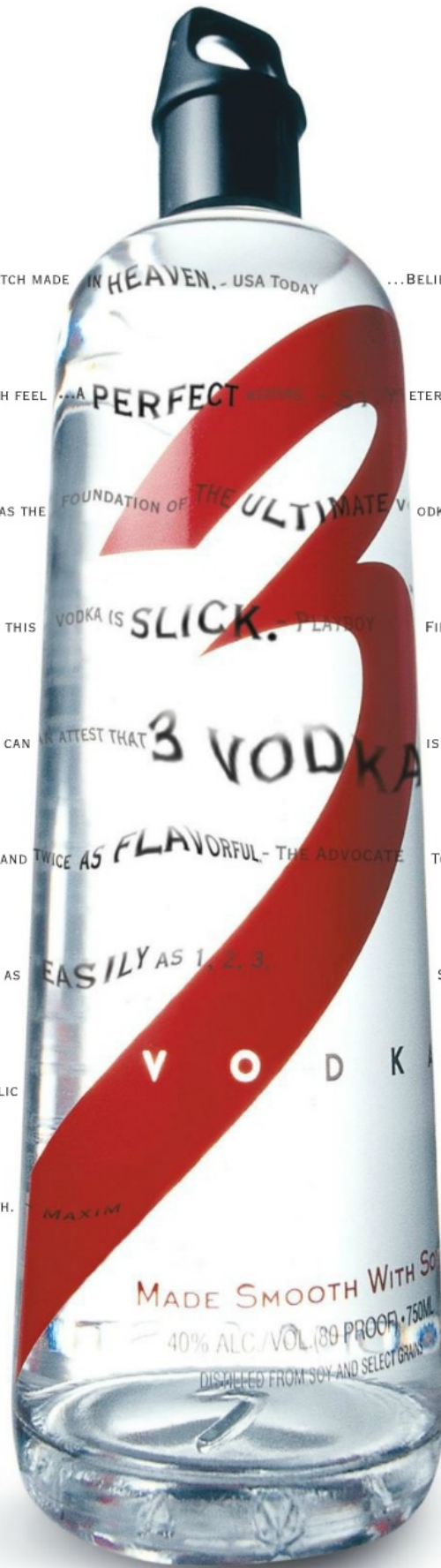
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hands clean, not missing a drop.

It was an incredible encounter that went on all night, but it was just one of many. Our sexual exploits could fill a book, though I think after reading this account in *Penthouse*, Cassie will want to keep our fantasies to ourselves, which is just fine with me.—J.D., California

■ Taking Control

My husband and I have been married for ten years. I'd never cheat on him, but sometimes I feel as if he takes me for granted. Last weekend, while he was out of town, I took a leisurely bath, and while I masturbated, I

thought about how thrilling it would be if I seduced a stranger and took total control.

I see myself dressed only in a long coat and scarf, and high heels. I purchase a round-trip ticket and board the late-night train into the city. The car is practically empty, but I claim a seat in the back next to a well-built man. As I mentally undress him, I picture myself binding his wrists behind his head with my satin scarf. I imagine sucking his neck, slowly making my way down past his nipples, continuing down along the tapered strip of hair that disappears below his belt. The bulge behind the zipper draws me like a magnet. I unbuckle the belt and unzip his pants. His cock

springs free, hot and hard, and I can't wait to taste it.

He begs me to free his hands so he can touch me, but I ignore his pleas. I tease his cock with my tongue, paying careful attention to the sensitive rim. I continue until I feel the pulse quicken, till the veins become more pronounced—until he tries to thrust his entire length into my mouth. I want to bring him to the brink of orgasm, then slow things down a little to enhance and prolong the pleasure. I pull back and squeeze his cock firmly at the base, telling him that he has to pleasure me first.

I take off my coat and brush my tits against his chest while he moans and strains against his binds. His coarse chest hair rasps against my sensitive nipples and I nearly lose it. Now I'm the one on the edge. I untie his hands, telling him he must remain seated and obey me unconditionally. I'm not surprised when he agrees, eager to please me.

I tell him to suck hard on my nipples while I straddle his lap and rub my slick pussy along his rock-hard length, and I nearly come from the combined sensations. After several minutes of divine torture, I'm more than ready to fuck.

I reverse my position, giving him my back, then slowly lower myself. I tell him to fuck me hard and fast, but he's to stop before he ejaculates. Reverse cowgirl is my second favorite position, but my real passion is tying up my lover to immobilize his arms and legs. Then I can suck and lick his cock until he comes hard. Not this time, though.

He's having a hard time holding back his pleasure and begs me to let him come. I have an amazing orgasm, then turn around to face him. Just before taking him into my mouth, I say, "Now," and draw out every last bit of come as his hard body shudders with release. Feeling quite satisfied, I thank him, put on my coat, and leave the train.

On the trip home, I think about what I just did. My husband is due home in the morning, and I plan to wait up for him because I still need more. But when I get home, there's a message that he'll be out of town for two more days.

As I lie on the couch, I get very excited again, and this time I use my dildo, a ten-inch one that's very thick and makes my time alone very enjoyable.—M.E., Massachusetts

More letters on [page 132](#)

Reverse cowgirl is my second favorite position, but my real passion is tying up my lover to immobilize his arms and legs.





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DVDs



HOLIDAY BOOTY

'Tis the season to restock your entertainment unit. Here's our guide to some great gift sets, reissues, and TV shows that are hitting shelves.

Breaking Bad: The Complete Series

If you're still going through withdrawal from Walter White and company, this should help to ease your symptoms. The 16 Blu-ray discs are packed into an awesome replica barrel, along with a challenge coin and a Los Pollos Hermanos apron. In addition to the bonus features from individual seasons, you get a two-hour documentary about the last eight episodes and a three-minute alternate ending—so if the final moments left a bad taste in your mouth, you get a do-over. Yeah, bitch! (List price is \$300, which includes a digital copy.)



TV ON DVD



Dexter: The Complete Series

Were you a fan of *Dexter*? Did you like it so much that you're willing to take out a second mortgage so you can afford to own every blood-spattered bit of footage? You're in luck! The forensic analyst who moonlights as a serial killer will get two different Blu-ray collector's editions. The Complete Series lists for \$460 and includes three hours of bonus features and a collection of art and photography from the show, all packaged in a slide box like Dexter's. Amazon will be offering an exclusive edition in a collectible "Dexter kill" bust for a mere \$545. (The Standard DVD set lists at \$360.)

For a less costly gift, try the Villains shot-glass set. Each of the eight glasses has the logo of a different big bad. (\$56)



Dr. Who: Series 1-7 Gift Set

Just in timey-wimey (see what we did there?) for the 50th anniversary of the ridiculously popular British series, BBC is releasing a limited-edition gift set that includes all sorts of Whovian goodness. The jam-packed 28-Blu-ray set includes all the adventures of the Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Doctors, along with two hours of brand-new bonus material. There's also a Universal Remote Control Sonic Screwdriver—keep it for yourself, or share it with the special nerd in your life. (\$350)

Weeds: The Complete Collection



In the eight-season run, we saw suburban mom Nancy Botwin go from broke widow to neighborhood pot dealer to drug queenpin, and it was always entertaining to watch her clan stay just this side of complete self-destruction. Devoted fans can relive the buzz with this 16-disc set, which sports a gorgeous pinup-style cover and includes a few brand-new featurettes—like a cast roundtable, interviews with fan-favorite guest stars, and "Nancy's Sexcapades," a superimportant discussion on what makes Nancy such a MILF. (\$120)

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NEW RELEASES

**The Wolverine**

Gore lovers, rejoice: While the theatrical version was grisly, director James Mangold hinted about "a slightly more violent version ... an unrated, bloodier version." Needless to say, we're planning to pick up *The Wolverine Unleashed* edition, with the alternate ending and an immersive "Path of a Ronin" feature. Hard-core X-Men fans might want to splurge for the Amazon exclusive *Adamantium Collection*; along with *The Wolverine Unleashed*, the set includes the original X-Men trilogy, *X-Men: First Class*, and *X-Men Origins: Wolverine* in exclusive "claw" packaging. (Blu-ray combo pack: \$40; *Adamantium Collection*: \$130)

**White House Down**

Channing Tatum stars as a D.C. cop/Secret Service reject on a White House tour who gets tasked with rescuing the President (Jamie Foxx) from a paramilitary invasion. It's violent, funny, and a solid way to waste two hours. The Blu-ray combo pack will include 13 featurettes and what should be a hilarious gag reel. (\$41)

**Man of Steel**

It's a darker look at Superman than seen in films prior, with the military treating the big guy as a threat till an even bigger threat comes along. Spring for the Blu-ray—while the DVD will include a handful of short featurettes, the Blu-ray is loaded with several hours of extras, including a feature-length look at the making of the movie. The Collector's Edition comes with a limited-edition metal "S" glyph, but we love the limited-edition action-figure gift set's mini Superman and General Zod. (Blu-ray combo pack: \$36; Collector's Edition or Collectible Figurine Gift Set: \$60)

**The World's End**

If you loved *Shaun of the Dead* and *Hot Fuzz*—in other words, if you have a pulse—then the final film in the Three Flavours Cornetto trilogy is a must-have. This sci-fi comedy follows childhood friends who reunite to complete an epic pub crawl that they failed to finish in their teens. As they slowly chug their way toward the final pub, they realize that their hometown has been overrun by robotic aliens, and it's up to them to defend the human race. Bonus features include a gag reel, behind-the-scenes featurettes, and a flip-chart look at the film. (Blu-ray combo pack: \$35)

**RED 2**

Ex-CIA agent Frank Moses (Bruce Willis) is forced out of retirement—again—when he ends up being hunted by killers (basically the same plot as 2010's *RED*). While the sequel doesn't reinvent the wheel, Moses does once again get the band back together, and the movie has a shit-ton of shoot-outs and explosions—and that's why Blu-ray was invented. (Disclaimer: We actually have no idea why Blu-ray was invented, but that's as good a reason as any.) The Blu-ray includes the usual suspects—a behind-the-scenes featurette, a gag reel, and deleted scenes. (\$40)

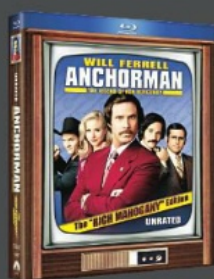
**The To Do List**

Aubrey Plaza plays an uptight high school valedictorian who takes a type-A approach to catching up on the raunchy extracurriculars she missed out on. The Blu-ray includes deleted scenes and a gag reel, but we're most excited about "Dirty Mouth," basically a montage of filthy phrases. Aubrey Plaza talking dirty? Yes, please. (\$36, with digital copy)

REISSUES

**Predator 3-D**

We're pretty sure it's illegal to have your stocking stuffed with steroids, but this is the next best thing—a special edition of the classic testosterone-fest about commandos who trek into the jungle to rescue hostages and end up being hunted by a high-tech alien. The 3-D version includes limited-edition packaging—specifically, a badass Predator head complete with mask. (\$50)

**Anchorman: The "Rich Mahogany" Edition**

Along with three versions of the film (theatrical, unrated, and *Wake Up, Ron Burgundy: The Lost Movie*), you get nearly an hour's worth of deleted scenes, an "Afternoon Delight" music video, auditions, table reads, a blooper reel, and more. Grab a copy for anyone who likes to keep it classy. (\$27)

**Argo: The Declassified Extended Edition**

The extended version of this Oscar-winning historical thriller about the daring rescue of six diplomats during the Iran hostage crisis includes some brand-new supplements, like commentary from Jimmy Carter and an in-depth look at the catchphrase "Argo fuck yourself." (\$50; includes digital copy)



Felonious Punk

Will Leo DiCaprio and Martin Scorsese make music in their uproarious-looking new comedy, *The Wolf of Wall Street*?



The Wolf of Wall Street

Leonardo DiCaprio, Jonah Hill, Kyle Chandler

Patience, we indulge Martin Scorsese: Fine, make a movie about kids running around a Parisian clock tower (*Hugo*). Make another unnecessary documentary about the Rolling Stones (*Shine a Light*). All the while we hope for a return to the criminal New York City scumbags that remain his forte. Happily, that's exactly what the director has done with this adrenalized comedy, based on Jordan Belfort's two memoirs of boiler-room lawlessness. Back for a fifth collaboration with the director is DiCaprio, who looks hungry to turn this saga of stolen millions, yachts, and lovely ladies into a smorgasbord of entitlement. The swirling corruption engulfs an enviable cast, which, along with Hill and *Friday Night Lights*' Chandler, also includes *The Artist*'s Jean Dujardin. With a trailer scored by the killer Kanye West number "Black Skinhead," this one looks loaded with attitude and decadence.



Oldboy

Josh Brolin, Elizabeth Olsen, Samuel L. Jackson

The 2003 Korean original, a riot of ultraviolence and long-telegraphed vengeance, has some high-profile fans, including Quentin Tarantino and Steven Spielberg. But it's Spike Lee—a director not exactly known for action flicks—who somewhat surprisingly stepped up to do the American remake, which could be the weirdest movie of his career. Brolin plays an advertising executive who's kidnapped and held in solitary confinement for 20 years. When he's unexpectedly released, he launches a quest to understand what happened to him and why. Brolin possesses a world-class simmering rage—just like his dad in *The Amityville Horror*—and we're looking forward to seeing it boil over.



Inside Llewyn Davis

Oscar Isaac, John Goodman, Carey Mulligan

The Coen brothers are back, directing their first feature since 2010's *True Grit*. Shifting their attention from the Old West to the old West Village, they've created a portrait of the early 1960s New York City folk scene, where their titular fictional troubadour (Isaac) is struggling to break into the music business. His path is crowded with a furious paramour (Mulligan) who's pregnant with his child, a sarcastic fellow traveler (Goodman), and an adorable orange house cat circumstances have thrust into his care. The advance word on this one is unusually strong—even for the Coen brothers—and it won the Grand Prix at the 2013 Cannes Film Festival.

REVIEWS



Dallas Buyers Club

Matthew McConaughey, Jared Leto, Jennifer Garner

The career rebirth of McConaughey, suddenly back on the A-list after movies such as *Magic Mike* and *Bernie* (Netflix it), hits a peak with this stunning star vehicle, impossible to imagine with any other lead. Throwing himself into the preparation for the role, McConaughey shed a dangerous-sounding 40 pounds to play the desiccated Ron Woodroof, a real-life Texas electrician who tested positive for HIV in 1986 and scoured the world for non-FDA-approved drugs to fight the disease. With the help of his doctor and another patient, Woodroof set up a "buyers club" for others to acquire the smuggled, unapproved medications, and he evolved into a global activist for the gay community. McConaughey has never delivered a more inspired, driven performance. Expect the Academy to notice.



The Armstrong Lie Lance Armstrong

In a sport notoriously awash in performance-enhancing drugs, Armstrong managed to win the most coveted championship not once, twice, or three times, but *seven consecutive times*—yet millions of people were still willing to believe his repeated claims of being "clean." Perhaps the real focus of a film on his story should be how he managed to pull off the charade for so long. Documentarian Alex Gibney has a sit-down with the fallen star, who was already in his frame for a planned chronicle of the 2009 Tour de France comeback, but there's little new information here: Armstrong evades and talks about "leveling the field" (true enough), while the narrating director makes illogical leaps. (Wouldn't a late-career win make a doper seem more suspicious, not less?) Still, it's a relevant tale, and a fairly unexpected culmination of the four years the director spent with his subject. **C+**



Del McCoury

FROM MANASSAS TO APPOMATTOX

Three generations of roots musicians recast the songs of the Civil War on a new double album from ATO.



Heartsounds
Internal Eyes
Creator-Destructor Records
★★ 1/2

Pop, punk, and metal are three great tastes—but it's not every day that someone tries to make them taste great together. That's the mission of this Bay Area quartet, and on 2011's *Drifter*, the recipe was out of balance, with cascading metal riffs shoehorned into songs highlighted by the harmonies of singer-guitarists Ben Murray and Laura Nichol, to distracting effect. There are fewer seams showing this time (though the ultra-pummeling percussion could still be dialed back in places), and their songs remain impressively technical, sailing through tempo shifts with grace and velocity, while Murray and the crush-worthy Nichol take turns bellowing their earnest punk-rock declamations. They may still be in the test kitchen, but they're starting to balance the flavors, especially on "Cycles," "Constant Crossroads," and "First Light."



Heidecker & Wood
Some Things Never Stay the Same
Little Record Company
★★ 1/2

In the 1970s, Monty Python's Eric Idle and frequent collaborator Neil Innes created the Rutles, a Beatles parody band so musically spot-on you could easily mistake them for the real thing, but a subtle hilarity shone through. A similar phenomenon is in effect with this duo, comedian Tim Heidecker (of the *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!*) and composer/multi-instrumentalist Davin Wood. With guest stars Aimee Mann, Eric Johnson (Fruit Bats, the Shins), and Pierre de Reeder (Rilo Kiley), their 1970s AM-radio knock-offs hit their marks perfectly, while Heidecker's lyrics send things several clicks into ridiculousness: "I was talking to a preacher friend/ we were talking about the end," he croons on the Springsteen-eque "Salvation Street," while on the hyper-literal "Getaway Man," he growls, "I rob a bank when I'm told to." This edges further into satire than their 2011 debut, *Starting From Nowhere*.



Various Artists
Divided & United: The Songs of the Civil War
ATO Records
★★★ 1/2

This collection of 32 Civil War-era songs reinterpreted by the likes of Loretta Lynn, Ralph Stanley, Taj Mahal, Del McCoury, Chris Thile, and Jamey Johnson breathes new life into centuries-old tunes about race, war, and loss. It also may introduce you to some interesting, roots-influenced contemporary acts, such as the Carolina Chocolate Drops, whose version of "Day of Liberty" (blended with "Wake Nicodemus") is a stand-out, and Shovels & Rope, a husband-and-wife duo that kicks in a scrappy rendition of the Yankee anthem "The Fall of Charleston." Other gems include Chris Stapleton's country-rock take on "Two Brothers"; A. A. Bondy's haunting, indie interpretation of "Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier"; and Karen Elson's flip-the-script performance of "Dixie," which turns the Confederate anthem into something mournful—not a bad choice given the song's complicated roots in minstrel shows.



Throwing Muses
Purgatory/Paradise
HarperCollins/It Books
★★★

Throwing Muses frontwoman Kristin Hersh has never been able to follow anything other than her own relentless, feral muse—the one that started forcing songs into her brain after she was hit by a car at age 16 (really). So her die-hard fans, upon learning that Throwing Muses' first studio album in ten years is a dual release of a 32-track CD and a book of photographs, lyrics, and prose are probably nodding their heads and thinking, *Well, yes, 32 songs and an art book—that makes perfect sense.* Some of these tracks are sketches lasting half a minute (like the lovely flute-driven "folding fire 2"), but many others are fully realized songs that fit snugly among the best of the band's sturdy catalog, including the riff-driven "sleepwalking 1," the accusatory "milan," and "sunray venus," on which Hersh brays, "That's some disease you got there, my lousy friend," over swaggering acoustic guitar and slamming, syncopated drums.



LOONEY TUNESMITHS

A handful of the best musically inclined comics

Comic, years active:
Steve Martin,
1974—

Musical stylings: Martin plays the piano and the banjo, the latter of which was a staple of his comedy act in the 1970s. He has since become an accomplished bluegrass musician.

Highlight: His 2009 album, *The Crow: New Songs for the Five-String Banjo*, won the Grammy for Best Bluegrass Album.

Liner notes: His 1978 novelty song “King Tut” sold more than a million copies; he performed “Dueling Banjos” with another legend, Kermit the Frog, in August 2013; and he established the annual \$50,000 Steve Martin Prize for Excellence in Banjo and Bluegrass in 2010.

Comic, years active:
Jimmy Fallon,
1990—

Musical stylings: Guitar, singing

Highlights: His impression of Jim Morrison leading the Doors in a devastating version of the *Reading Rainbow* theme song; his rendition of Neil Young singing “Pants on the Ground.”

Liner notes: Fallon—who can also do spot-on impressions of David Bowie, Eddie Vedder, Graham Nash, David Crosby, Robert Smith, Jakob Dylan, the Counting Crows guy, and one or two Bee Gees—could probably have a plan-B career in music.

Comic, years active:
Reggie Watts,
2002—

Musical stylings: Hip-hop, human beat box, soul, Line 6 DL4 delay modeler

Highlights: His show-stopping version of “Money’s Too Tight (to Mention)” on Australian TV program *Good News Week* in 2009. Any number of YouTube clips, including his “Roll With Me Sugar” song on *Conan* in 2011.

Liner notes: Watts and his band Maktub, which traffics in hip-hop, R&B, soul, and funk, have released five albums.

Comic, years active:
Victor Borge,
1926–99

Musical stylings: Piano

Highlights: Too many to choose from in a career that lasted nearly 75 years, but we’ll go with his classic routines “Inflationary Language,” “A Mozart Opera,” and “William Tell Backwards.”

Liner notes: Borge began as a classical pianist in Denmark, gradually adding comedy to his repertoire. When the Nazis overran his home country during World War II, he was in Sweden performing (an act that featured anti-Nazi jokes), and he managed to escape to Finland before moving to America in 1940.

Comic, years active:
Eddie Murphy,
1976—

Musical stylings: Guitar, singing

Highlights: His eerily accurate impressions of Stevie Wonder, Michael Jackson, Elvis Presley, and James Brown; his a cappella version of “Roxanne” from the 1982 film *48 Hrs.*

Liner notes: Murphy’s second career as a “serious” musician has been less successful, as his 1985 single “Party All the Time” was tabbed by VH1 as one of the 50 Worst Songs of All Time. Yet he persists—Murphy released a reggae album in 2013 titled *9*, which featured Snoop Lion on the single “Red Light.”

Rounding out the field: Woody Allen; Jack Black; Jamie Foxx; Monty Python; Jemaine Clement and Bret McKenzie (aka Flight of the Conchords); Zach Galifianakis; Ricky Gervais; Michael McKean, Harry Shearer, and Christopher Guest (aka Spinal Tap, the Folksmen). 



A NEW OLD FAVORITE

Dominique Pruitt has a sunny retro sound and looks like a pinup poster come to life. It's no wonder we already feel as if we've been drooling over her for decades.

By Kara Wahlgren

Dominique Pruitt's decidedly low-tech music is like the soundtrack to a trip back in a time machine. The 28-year-old Valley girl boasts a 1960s-pop pedigree (her father played in Brit-pop pioneer Englebert Humperdinck's band), and her stripped-down sound is a dose of instant nostalgia. Her EP, *To Win Your Love*, resurrects some obscure vintage instruments (clavioline, anyone?), and her debut single, the title track, is actually 30 years old—her dad originally wrote the love song for Pruitt's mom. We caught up with the sexy singer to find out how she keeps it old-school.

Your EP, *To Win Your Love*, came out yesterday. What's your state of mind today?

All the numbers on my Facebook page are jumping. It's getting to new fans, and it's so exciting. I've been getting a lot of great feedback, which I love, and a lot of random feedback.

What's the random feedback?

Like, some guy wrote, "Your hair color is a total turnoff." Okay, thanks! It's funny how people are so free to just offer up opinions. Some other guy was like, "Your video: half great, half crap. Just delete the crap scenes and it'll be fine." And it's like, "Should I just know which ones you're talking about?" But it's cool. It's entertaining.

You've got to love the internet. How would you describe your music to someone who's never heard you?

I always say it's like sixties West Coast pop, but that's the very abridged version. Obviously it has a retro feel, but—and maybe I'm biased—I think it has a lot of modern qualities. It doesn't sound like it's playing right out of the jukebox. It has a modern twist.

Have you always been into the classics, or did you go through the requisite Backstreet Boys phase?

Oh, I totally did! People are like, "Oh, you're stuck in a time warp," but I'm a very modern girl and I listen to a lot of new music. I have always loved new wave, and I went through a serious eighties phase. In middle school I went to every *NSYNC concert. And I was a total Gwennabe. Gwen Stefani is such a stylish stunner, and she's so rad. I totally had the pink hair. I'm still a die-hard No Doubt fan.

Your parents were both musicians?

Yeah, actually, they met because my dad was auditioning my mom as one of the background singers for Englebert. His big joke is that he auditioned her for a singing part and then for his wife.

Did he give her the singing job, too, or just the wife job?

He gave her both jobs. And she still has the wife job 32 years later! It's pretty cool.

Did they encourage you to get into music?

Yeah. They were never stage parents in any sense, but they were really supportive. We were always a pretty creative family. And all their friends

were really musical, obviously—that was just my life, growing up at barbecues and family birthday parties and get-togethers where everyone played music.

When did you decide to pursue it as a career?

When I was 18, we did some demos. I was working at a hair salon in Beverly Hills, and I was handing out the demo a little bit. But I guess underneath it all, I was a little scared, so I wasn't really going for it. I didn't know how to navigate the L.A. scene. It was really overwhelming. I knew I wanted to do it at that age, but I didn't know how to pursue it. In the past few years, I really started to make the ideal sound I wanted. When I finally felt settled into my style as an artist—when I found my calling, I guess you could say—it just all fell together. Like, literally overnight, one thing after another.

Did your parents give you any good advice or warnings about the industry?

My dad loved being a musician, but they've always said how vicious the business is. But they understand that if you love it, you can't *not* pursue it. You can't go through life thinking, *What if I had?*

How'd you decide to do "To Win Your Love" as the first single?

My mom sang the original version before I was born. It was totally hilarious—eighties techno beat, Blondie meets Rasta. But I always loved it as a kid. I demoed it when I was 18, and it was totally different. The style was a little horrendous. But I demoed it this time, and everyone reacted to that [version]. It's just so fun. I can't deny the fun vibes.

Where do you get your inspiration for songwriting?

I'm addicted to the notepad on my iPhone, so any time a random thought or hook pops into my head, I'll write it down. That's where it all starts. Obviously some things are based on personal experience, but at the same time, I just like to tell stories. So I start with a hook and just let my imagination go.



PHOTOGRAPH BY RONALD RAY PRUITT

There's a lot of technology in music now. What draws you to the old-school sound?

I just think there's something so pure about it. You know, we didn't record my album analog, so I think modern technology is brilliant, but I don't want to hide behind Auto-Tune. It was really important to me to have the rawest vocal I possibly could. Because the people I admire—Aretha Franklin and Etta James and all those ladies of yesteryear—went in and did it in a couple of takes with a live band. And I just think there's nothing like that.

Who are some of your other influences?

On the vocal side of things, Aretha is the queen. But I love Wanda Jackson, and I love Janis Martin, and Elvis, obviously, for every reason possible—his moves and his looks and his sound.

And Buddy Holly and the Shirelles and the Crystals and anything Phil Spector ever touched. Madonna is a huge inspiration. She's like the queen of pop. And Gwen Stefani and No Doubt, even though my music probably sounds nothing like it.

What three songs get the most play on your iPod right now?

Definitely "Blurred Lines" by Robin Thicke—that is my jam. I always buy singles and listen to them over and over like a 12-year-old. I'm really into "Rum and Coca Cola" by the Andrews Sisters. It's kind of like my summer jam. And I love "Bones" by Michael Kiwanuka. He's a new British soul singer, and he's dreamy.

What about the fifties and sixties appeals to you?

I saw the movie *Cry-Baby* when I was eight or nine years old, and I loved it. I loved the guys with the pompadours, and the music—I wish I could pinpoint what it is, but the sound really gets me. Maybe it's the songwriting style. Maybe it's just the idea that it was a simpler time, and the drive-in on Friday night was a great date, and people would actually go out dancing.

If you were in *Grease*, would you be good-girl Sandy or bad-girl Sandy? Oh, bad-girl Sandy! Always.

You have some pretty fierce tattoos. Do you have a favorite?

I don't have a favorite. They're all from such different points in my life. But I really like the pinup girl on my back, and the big piece with roses and gypsies on my thigh, which my really good friend did. His name's Brian Woo and he works at Shamrock in West Hollywood, which is a super famous, old-school tattoo shop.

What's one modern amenity you can't live without?

My iPhone! Recently, I had to restart it, and I lost all my apps. I realized how many apps I use day-to-day that are crucial to me.

Any favorites?

Well, I love Instagram. So fun. And I love me some Words With Friends. And I love 8mm—you can put video through it and add really cool filters.


Just for fun, name three things you couldn't live without.

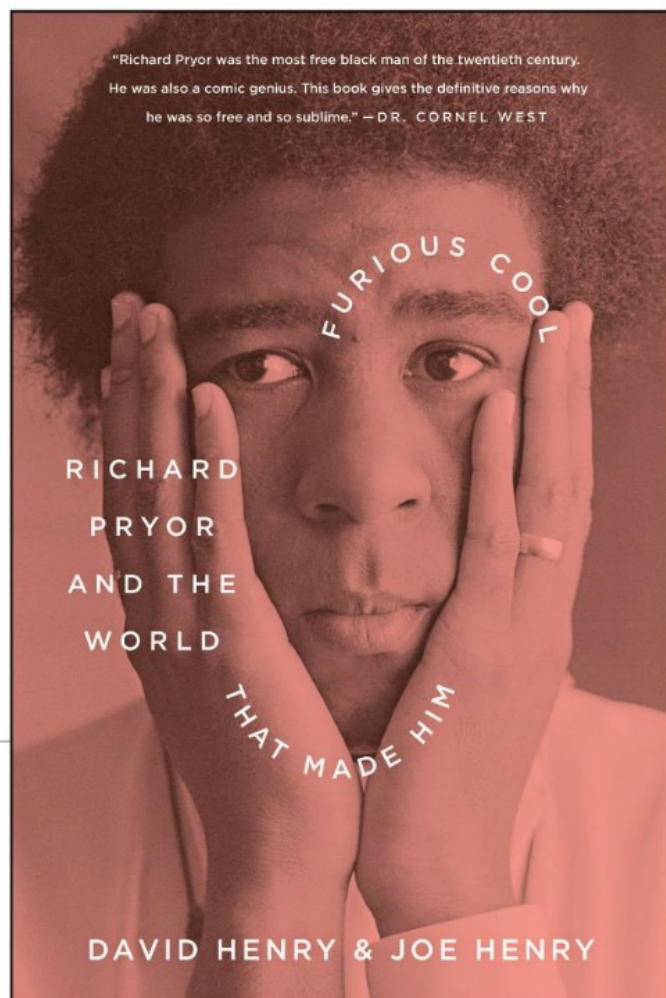
My dogs. They're little rescue-mutt mixes. They're long and low and white—I don't know what they are, but I'm obsessed with them. And my husband—he's a really good one. He's a photographer, my personal paparazzo. And really good food and friends, combined into one.

So, a great dinner party. Exactly.

If you could dine with anyone past or present, who would it be? Elvis. But, like, young Elvis.

Alive Elvis.

Yeah. Good, alive Elvis—not Vegas-comeback Elvis. 



RICHARD PRYOR: THEN AND THERE

A new book spotlights the forces that shaped the legendary comic.

Furious Cool: Richard Pryor and the World That Made Him
By David Henry and Joe Henry

Has Richard Pryor gotten his due from mainstream America? Well, if his hometown of Peoria, Illinois—once the ultimate icon of mainstream America—is any indication, he definitely hasn't. Apparently Pryor didn't play well in Peoria, because the Illinois River town features no acknowledgement of its famous son apart from Richard Pryor Place, "a seven-block stretch of a nondescript residential street"—though there are plans for a statue. In *Furious Cool*, brothers David and Joe Henry (the latter of music-industry renown) unearth the seedbed of Pryor's brilliance, starting in the gritty section of Peoria—where he grew up in his grandmother's brothel—but also reaching back to minstrelsy and vaudeville, and forward to Lenny Bruce, Bill Cosby, and Malcolm X. From the vast, multifaceted ephemera of African-American experience, the authors contend, Pryor culled the substance of his revolutionary stand-up. It's a fascinating window on several chapters of forgotten American pop-cultural history, as well as a vivid portrait of a tortured genius.

Get-Your-Facts-Straight Excerpt of the Month

From God's Doodle: The Life and Times of the Penis
By Tom Hickman



Hickman's book delves into the history of penile lore with wide-ranging scholarship and a lighthearted tone, but American readers may take issue with one element of his research, as it pertains to the preferred U.S. slang when it comes to the male member's two henchmen. See below:

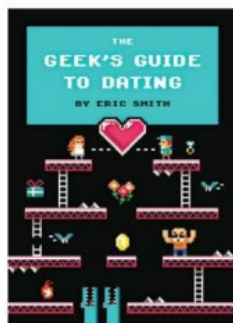
"But all of this verbal ingenuity aside, cock, prick—and the generic tool and weapon—remain the words most commonly used for the penis in English,

as do their equivalents in other languages, with balls and nuts (a foreshortening of the seventeenth-century coinage 'nutmegs') for the attendant testicles. The British continue to have a fondness for bollocks, knackers (a verb in the Middle Ages meaning to geld, perhaps not the happiest association), cobblers (more Cockney rhyming slang, from cobbler's awls), and, harking back to colonial days in India, goolies (from a Hindi word for any round object). The Americans' favoured alternative for testicles is rocks, stones being, one assumes, not big enough in a country where everything must be bigger."

Whoa-whoa-whoa, old chap—no need for the gratuitous shot at the U.S., an insult which, it just so happens, follows a factual inaccuracy (possibly two, because over here, we consider stones bigger than rocks): We can assure you that Americans are pretty much unanimous in their use of the first two terms you mention, and almost never substitute "rocks." 〇十一

Geek Love

A doofus dating guide comes to the rescue, like Crono.



Do you know what MMORPG stands for? How about NPC, IRL, or WOW? If you answered yes to more than two of the above, then Eric Smith's new book, *The Geek's Guide to Dating*, may be for you, Player One. In it, Smith, cofounder of the blog Geekadelphia, will hold your hand through all phases of setting down the console, dressing yourself, grooming yourself, and leaving your bedroom to date other people ... IRL! Learn how to avoid the MPDG dilemma (if you're still reading, we assume you know what MPDG means), how to hack your online dating profile, and (perhaps most important) how to deal with rejection, among other useful tips. Available on December 3 from Quirk Books.

(Okay, nongeeks who made it this far, a glossary: MMORPG is massive multiplayer online roleplaying game; NPC is nonplayer character; IRL is in real life; WOW is *World of Warcraft*; and MPDG is manic pixie dream girl.)

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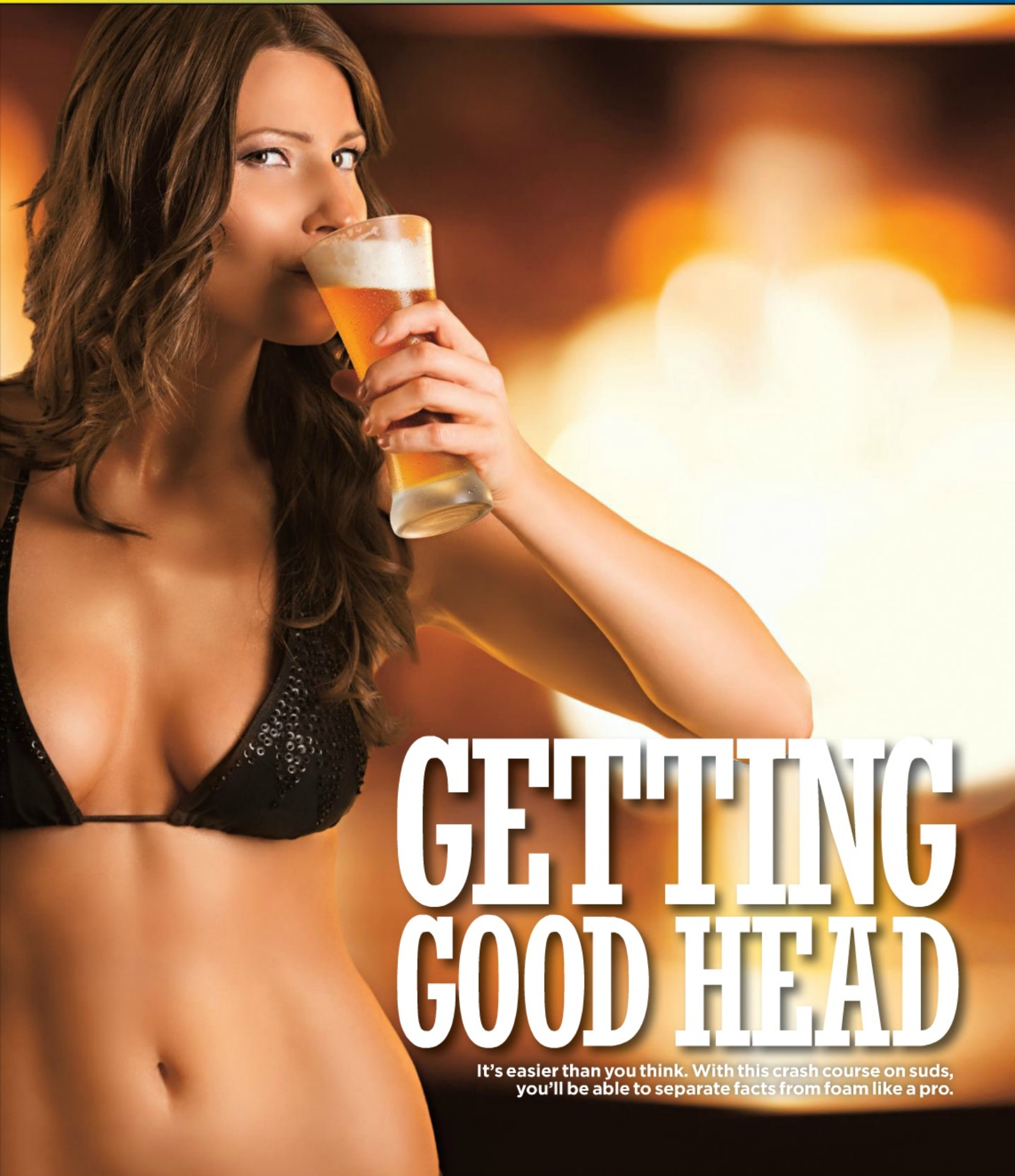
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GETTING GOOD HEAD

It's easier than you think. With this crash course on suds, you'll be able to separate facts from foam like a pro.



WILL WORK FOR BEER

Must-haves for home brewing

By Greg Hudock

I have been brewing beer for nearly half my life. It's a great way to spend a Saturday afternoon with your buddies, and the process is actually pretty simple. Boil barley and hops in water, cool it down and add yeast, then let it ferment for a few weeks and bottle it. If you're ready to brew it yourself, here are some tools for making a good batch of brew.



What'll You Have

Home-brew suppliers offer a variety of ingredient kits, which come with specific types of barley, hops, and yeast. It's best to start off by brewing a batch or two of malt-extract-based beer, until you get the hang of the process. Also, spring for high-quality liquid yeast, like Wyeast, which is superior to the dry stuff that comes with most kits. Signature ingredient kits, like this IPA kit from Brew Demon, are a great place to start. (Brew Demon Wild Spirit IPA Ingredient Kit, \$22; BrewDemon.com)



Your Own Brewery

Once you pick the type of beer you'd like to brew, you'll need the equipment to turn your barley, hops, and yeast into alcohol. Most kits come with a carboy—a glass fermentation jug—brew bucket, and water lock. You also may get other necessities, like a hydrometer for determining the alcohol level in your beer, a siphon hose for bottling, and a thermometer to ensure your beer maintains the correct temperature while it's fermenting. The Brewer's Best Deluxe Beer Home Brewing Equipment Kit is a decent way to get started. (\$99; Amazon.com)

Another good option is the Coopers DIY Beer Kit. It's tailor-made for novice home brewers. You won't get a bunch of cool gizmos, but you will get an instructional DVD and a brewer's log card. Coopers also offers an even bigger starter DIY kit that comes with classic Coopers ingredient kits for Dark Ale, International Mexican Cerveza, and Thomas Coopers Selection Wheat Beer, in addition to all the essentials in the base DIY set. (\$130 and \$200; US.DIYBeer.com)

Be sure to buy some quality kitchen sanitizer while you're shopping, such as Star San. The cleaner your equipment, the better your beer will taste. (\$16.39 for 32 ounces; Amazon.com)



Boiling It Down

Once you have your ingredients and brewing equipment, you'll need a large pot. Since most home-brew batches yield five gallons, you'll need a stockpot large enough to be able to boil 2.5 gallons, and later add that to 2.5 gallons of water in the carboy, through a funnel, before you add the yeast; go for one that's at least 12 quarts. Also, since most tap water is either chlorinated or has a poor mineral content, it's best to use bottled water. (Farberware 12-quart stainless-steel stockpot, \$60; Sears.com)



Cooling Off

Once your beer has been boiled for the amount of time specified in your ingredient kit, it's time to cool the wort (lingo for beer before it has fermented) as quickly as possible. The longer unfermented wort is exposed to foreign bacteria, the more it can affect the flavor later on, so the faster you can cool the wort down, the better. Fill your sink with ice and put the pot of wort in it until it drops to at least 68 degrees Fahrenheit. Even quicker is the ice-in-the-sink approach plus a copper wort-chilling coil, which runs cool water through a coil that you place in the hot wort. (Brewer's Best Copper Wort Chiller, \$80; BarleyNVine.com)



Don't Ban the Bottle

Once the beer has fermented, it's time to bottle it. Many home brewers use empty flip-top Grolsch bottles, as they are both high-quality and reusable. You can buy traditional bottles that need to have bottle caps crimped on, but that can be a pain. If you can't find used bottles for sale, there are plenty of good alternatives—like brand-new flip-top beer bottles. Since there are 640 ounces of beer in a five-gallon batch, you'll need 54 12-ounce bottles or 40 16-ounce bottles. (One case of 12 16-ounce amber bottles, \$30; BestDamnHomeBrewShop.com)

Growlers, which are usually 64 ounces or larger, are a great way for others to try your home brew.

Vacuum-insulated growlers, like the stainless-steel Wide Mouth from Hydro Flask, can keep your beer cold and carbonated for up to 24 hours. You can fill it up in the morning from your fridge and have chilled beer waiting for you in the evening without any refrigeration. (Hydro Flask 64-ounce Wide Mouth vacuum-insulated stainless-steel growler, \$50; HydroFlask.com)

Another advantage with growlers is that you can swap them with other home brewers and return the empties. You can even include notes with the "Talk With Chalk" growler from Catamount. (Catamount Glassware five-piece "Talk With Chalk" growler set, \$40; Amazon.com)



Drink Up

Odds are you normally drink your beer out of a plain glass, a mug, or straight from the bottle. Those are fine vessels for traditional, mass-produced ales, but they aren't the best for throwing back your home brew. You may be surprised to find that the right mug or glass can improve the taste of your beer, especially higher-quality ones. Glasses designed specifically for beer, like this IPA glass from Spiegelau, hold the head of foam and overall carbonation longer. They also keep beer colder longer. It's that little something extra in the quest for an even better beer. (Spiegelau IPA glass, \$25 for a set of two; RiedelUSA.net)



THE COMPLETE BEER ESSENTIALS

From grain to glass, here's what you need to know to go from newbie to beer geek.

By Joshua M. Bernstein



You don't need a master's degree to understand beer's four essential ingredients: hops, grain, yeast, and water. In brewers' hands, those raw materials are transformed into endless flavor profiles. Sour, bitter, sweet, chocolaty—if brewers can dream it, they can likely brew it. For these men and, increasingly, women, choosing the right blend of ingredients is an art, a series of careful choices that, ideally, results in a unique potable. How so? Follow along on brewing's flavorful path.

Go With the Grain

With brewing, top billing on the grain bill is reserved for barley malts. This is due to an evolutionary advantage: Barley contains husks, which keep the mash (the grains steeped in boiling water) loose and permit drainage of the wort—the sugar-rich broth that becomes beer. For flavor, brewers often blend barley with dark-roasted malts (for chocolate and coffee notes) and grains such as spicy rye and wheat, which creates a fuller body, smooth mouthfeel, and a luscious head.

Flower Power

Hops are the female flowers—aka cones—of *Humulus lupulus*, a creeping bine. (It climbs by wrapping itself around a support.) Hops flavor beers,

provide bitterness, and serve as preservatives. Each variety is singular. Some are better suited to providing astringent bitterness, while others are utilized for their aromas of citrus, tropical fruit, or perhaps pine.

Yeast of Eden

Yeast supplies the lion's share of a beer's flavor and aroma. It's why a hefeweizen recalls bananas, and why some sour beers smell like stinky cheese. There are two main families of yeast. Ale yeasts favor warmer temperatures, reclining at the top of a fermentation tank and creating flavors and aromas that are slightly estery—that is, fruity. Ales encompass a colossal range of styles, from golden IPAs to dark-as-night stouts, and are often sweeter and fuller-bodied than

the second main family, lagers. Like polar bears, bottom-fermenting lager yeasts prefer cooler temperatures. Lagers are typically crisp, delicate, and as refreshing as a summer swim.

Ferment About It

Fermentation is the process by which yeasts convert sugars into carbon dioxide and alcohol. Historically, alcohol has ensured that Western civilization did not drop dead of cholera, dysentery, and other water-borne diseases. To produce beer, water is boiled, assassinating many unwanted microbes. Then alcohol performs its antiseptic duties, keeping wicked pathogens at bay and making beer safe to drink. Fermentation time is typically measured in weeks, not hours or minutes, and can be broken down by families of beer. Ales typically take around two weeks to ferment, while lagers take up to six weeks (hence the name *lager*: *lagern* means “to rest” in German).

Bubble Up

Lastly, carbonation is a critical component of every beer. Bubbles impact mouthfeel and the perception of bitterness, as well as the formation of the beer's foamy head. Instead of wasted space, a foamy cap—caused by carbon dioxide rising to the surface—captures a beer's volatile compounds, offering a more appealing aroma.

There are two main techniques to fizz brew. With forced carbonation, beer is pasteurized and filtered to remove yeasts, resulting in a clearer, more consistent, shelf-stable product. Beer is chilled and introduced to compressed carbon dioxide, which is absorbed via osmosis. With bottle conditioning, beer is bottled alongside an addition of sugar or wort and perhaps extra yeast. The microorganisms munch the sugar, creating natural carbonation as a by-product. You can identify a bottle-conditioned beer by sediment in the bottle, which is perfectly acceptable.

Aced that lesson? Good. Now get yourself a beer. Earning extra credit has never been so much fun.

This article was adapted from the author's recent book, *The Complete Beer Course*, published by Sterling Epicure, 2013.



*Auckland
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The office holiday party is rapidly approaching, and while I don't know for sure what's planned, I'm positive the lunchtime conference-room festivities will suck as hard as they do every December. One thing that I know will take place, same as every year, is the Yankee Swap gift exchange. I work in a predominately female office—and I'm not talking about "I'd like to bang half of them and the other half are cool to hang with at happy hour" women. These are women who purchase Quacker Factory sweatshirts from QVC and trade Janet Evanovich paperbacks in the break room. To shake up the party this year, I've decided to participate in the gift exchange, and to bring something from the adult shop. I'm leaning toward a black double-sided dong, but there's also a nice anal-bead set that falls under the \$25 spending limit. The angel on my shoulder says it might be a bad idea that could get me fired, but the devil on the other shoulder is nudging me to go with the dildo and the anal beads. Which do I listen to?

First, let's briefly cover the rules of the Yankee Swap, then I'll give you my expert opinion on gifting someone with anal beads. A Yankee Swap (or a White Elephant Party, or playing Nasty Santa) is when everyone antes up with an untagged, wrapped gift. After, everyone picks a number. No. 1 picks a gift and unwraps it, then No. 2 picks; No. 2 can swap gifts with No. 1. Then No. 3 goes, etc., and each person can swap gifts with anyone who already has one. And so on and so forth, and it's as fucking boring as it sounds unless the gifts are good enough to incite catfights.

Here's what I think you should do: Contribute the naughtiest item the adult store sells, say a ginormous vibrating butt plug. Wrap it up, stash it with all the other gifts, and try not to piss your pants waiting for the game to begin. One of two things will happen: (1) The women will be appalled and you'll never have to suffer through a Yankee Swap with them again, or (2) a room full of undersexed women will laugh uproariously as they pass around and fight over the butt plug. Both of those scenarios are worth getting canned over, because your job sucks. I know it sucks because you're having a holiday party in the office in the middle of the day.

You'll want to pay close attention if an office mate ends up, willingly, with the dirty gift. Whoever she is, corner her in the supply closet and proposition her until you're fucking on a box of copy paper, because any woman who'll fight a group of broads over a sex toy in an office is definitely an incredible lay.

And maybe spend the first part of the day updating your résumé. Use the devil on your shoulder as a reference. OT-15

SWAP MEET

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to inject a little life into the office grab bag.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Experience...

The New Fragrances
from

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SANTA-IZE YOUR WHEELS

By Bill Heald



■ HUD windshield display

Garmin.com • \$130 (Plus \$30 for the navigation app)

Dedicated GPS devices have taken a backseat to smartphone apps that do the job just as well, but drivers risk getting a ticket in states that outlaw fiddling with phones while on the road. GPS king Garmin has solved this problem with its head-up display, a small device that projects navigational data onto your windshield from any smartphone running Garmin's navigation apps. Drivers see a wealth of information—upcoming turns, traffic delays, traffic-camera locations, ETA to the destination, and more—in a crisp display that automatically brightens or dims depending on the ambient light. The device links to your phone via Bluetooth, and broadcasts audible directions through your phone's speaker or your car's Bluetooth-equipped stereo system. —Crispin Boyer



■ The Car Connection

MyCar-Connection.com • \$153

Modern cars are pretty good at communicating with us, but even the most expressive machine can use some help, given the amount of “hidden” information that can be tapped. The Car Connection is a small device that plugs into your car's onboard diagnostic port under the dashboard. It can monitor everything from gas mileage and location information to any pesky fault codes that trigger your check-engine light. A smartphone app lets the device locate the car in crowded parking lots, and you can even keep track of maintenance and recalls (and score your driving behavior and other functions). A subscription fee accesses all the online goodness, and it works on just about any car built after 1996.



■ Innotraveler car mount

SeidioOnline.com • \$30

The Innotraveler is as clever as it is stout, and has the versatility to mount your phone wherever it suits you. The state-of-the-art pads that grip your device are washable and leave no residue. A mounting plate will hold the Innotraveler on the dash, or you can affix it directly to the windshield using the locking suction cup. The adjustability of the armature and the phone holder itself means a phone with a screen of up to five and a half inches fits and stays securely in place.



■ Bolt receiver lock

BoltLock.com • Prices start at \$27.50

Here's a cool new twist to old technology: the self-keying key lock. The Bolt lock by Strattec is a brilliant mechanical device in that it learns a key (like the ignition key on your trusty pickup), and from then on only that key will open the lock. We used a Bolt hitch-receiver lock on a 2004 truck, and now as long as we have the ignition key we also have a key to the lock itself and can use it to secure, say, the toolbox on the truck bed. There are several types of locks available that can be keyed to most vehicles (just pick one for your manufacturer), including cable, padlocks, and toolbox locks, and they are very well-made. One less key to worry about is a beautiful thing.



■ Passport Max HD radar detector

EscortRadar.com • \$550

There was a time when the gendarme made it tougher to detect the various radar and laser bands they used, but Escort now has you covered. The Passport Max HD uses what Escort calls High Definition Radar Performance, and it packs all kinds of detection technology to warn you about speed traps and other money-zapping hazards. It's designed to separate real signals from background noise more accurately than ever, and has database subscriptions available that upgrade locations for speed traps, red-light cameras, and speed cameras, and allow you to mark such locales yourself, making it very easy to fine-tune your needs. This handsome unit is equipped with an excellent mounting system, and it's a great way to keep one step ahead of what's out there looking for you.

■ Easy-fit tire chains

Thule.com • Prices start at \$450 per pair

Snow is great if you're into winter sports, but getting to your favorite slopes can be problematic if there's ice involved. Snow tires work well, but for the really nasty stuff, snow chains are the ultimate traction helpers—but they can be a real hassle to put on your wheels. The Thule company, which is based in Sweden, got tired of dealing with conventional snow chains, so it designed its Easy-fit line, which recently set a world's record when 12 people installed 81 chains on 24 vehicles in 60 seconds. That's around nine seconds per chain. These user-friendly chains come in a nylon bag you can turn inside out and place on the ground to use as a work cloth, with instructions printed on it for added convenience.





■ Micro-Start personal power supply

AntigravityBatteries.com • \$160

Antigravity's new Microstart PPS is a compact solution to a variety of battery needs. The company claims the XP-1 model is (at 6 inches by 2 7/8 inches by 1 inch) the world's smallest jump-starter. The powerful lithium-ion unit is also superhandy at powering all your portable electronics should they run out of juice. One charge can last several months, and the battery indicator lets you know when to recharge. It's equipped with a carrying case, jumper cables, and a myriad of power connectors to fit just about any portable electronics. Just keep this on hand and you're ready for a variety of battery backup applications.



■ Icon Squad 3.0 backpack

Ridelcon.com • \$100

Carrying stuff on a sporting motorcycle can be a challenge, but there are a lot of solutions out there to help you. If you want to take your valuables with you, Icon's Squad 3.0 backpack is a good choice. It's ergonomically designed to hug your body during spirited riding, and it has an amazing amount of storage capacity, including a dedicated laptop pocket. From extensive use of reflective material for high visibility to a unique front-closure harness, this is a true road warrior designed for day-in, day-out use.



■ New Land Gore-Tex boots

Alpinestars.com • \$230

Touring boots for riding are not just footwear; they have to do a whole host of things, including shield you from the elements, protect you in case of a get-off, and be comfortable enough for extensive sightseeing once off the bike. Alpinestars is one of the most respected riding-apparel companies in the world, and it got its start making boots. The New Land is a mid-length boot loaded with features that makes it a serious all-around companion, including a Gore-Tex lining to keep the wet away, robust leather construction, front and back accordion flex zones for maneuverability, reinforced shift pads, and reflective heel markers. Thanks to unusually wide access when open, these boots are incredibly easy to take on and off, which you'll appreciate after a long day on the road.



■ Anthem Mesh jacket

Ridelcon.com • \$180

A critical part of enjoying your ride entails dressing comfortably while ensuring you have adequate protection in the event you leave your mount prematurely. But when temperatures rise this can be a challenge, for your trusty leather jacket may turn you into a pig in a blanket in short order. Textile jackets have come to the rescue, and Icon has a particularly worthy candidate in its Anthem Mesh jacket. The body is made of what the company calls Fighter Mesh material, which is quite stout and yet air passes right through it so nature's own air-conditioning can keep you comfortable. There's armor in the elbows and shoulders, a back pad, and an inside pocket and two external ones that make storage simple. A zip-in liner will keep you thermally happy after the sun goes down.



■ Performance brake pads

GalferUSA.com • Prices start at \$36

When upgrading the performance of your machine, there is a simple addition that's often overlooked yet can be appreciated (and a lifesaver) every time you ride: a new set of brake pads. Galfer has been making these simple yet critical components for more than half a century, and it not only is at the cutting edge of material development, but offers several different compounds for most motorcycles to suit the type of riding you like to do. This includes the 1375 variety, which Galfer states is designed for "performance street riding/track days/fast canyon riding/novice racer" applications. Ceramic-coated backing plates help keep down temperatures, and Galfer offers whole systems for when you want even more stopping prowess.

■ J-B Weld


JBWeld.com • Prices start at \$6

More than four decades ago, the J-B Weld company developed a two-part epoxy that performs a "cold welding" process so strong it's often used as a chemical substitute for torch welding to heal metallic parts. I'd heard many tales of fixing cracked engine blocks and the like, and was skeptical until I used it to fix a broken oil-sump screw on a Honda V-Four engine that's still leak-free. J-B Weld has expanded the product line to include 18 different epoxies for everything from plastics to high-temperature and thread-locking applications.



■ Angel GT motorcycle tires

Pirelli.com • Prices start at \$195 front; \$210 rear

Contact patches are those surprisingly small spots where the tire touches the road surface, and therefore are the only link the drivetrain, suspension, and brakes have between you and moto-nirvana. So critical are these tiny interfaces that you need to put the best possible tires on your scooter, especially if you're a rider who is in the saddle rain or shine, or likes to take the odd sojourn to distant venues. Pirelli builds world-class performance tires for both cars and two-wheelers, and with their new Angel GTs, the company has addressed the touring rider's need for long tread life, too. Pirelli did this while improving wet and braking grip over the life of the tire, while maintaining a smooth ride and neutral handling. On contemporary sport bikes, these tires are an exemplary choice for performance and durability. 





STOCKING UPGRADES

Small gifts that pack a big punch.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Sensus iPhone touch-sensing case Canopy • \$99

A hundred smackers seems like a lot to spend on a case for your iPhone (or iPad or iPod Touch), but the sturdy Sensus does a lot more than just protect your device from butterfingers. It actually turns the back and sides of your device into additional touch-control surfaces, adding another ten points of input for the hundreds of apps that support the technology. Slide your fingers along the side of the case's textured surface, for instance, and you can scroll up and down on websites or spreadsheets, or move your index fingers on the back to control games without obstructing the action on the main touch screen.

■ e1659Fwu USB monitor AOC • \$130

For anyone accustomed to using a second monitor at home for multitasking, paring down to the single display of a laptop for trips is akin to losing a limb. This 16-inch USB monitor gives you back that limb while on the go. The plug-and-play display receives its power and signal from a single PC or Mac 3.0 USB port (the energy-efficient LED requires very little juice). A pop-out stand supports the monitor in either landscape or portrait mode, and the whole thing is small enough to fit into your laptop bag. If you're lucky enough to score an empty seat next to you during flights, you can set your monitor on the neighboring tray table and re-create your office at 30,000 feet. And if you shop around, you might be able to find it for less than \$100.





■ Sync by 50 SMS Audio • \$200

A rap icon takes on his former producer with the release of the Sync by 50, a portable speaker from 50 Cent's new audio-tech company that's built to compete directly with Dr. Dre's Beats audio gear. And while Fitty's encroachment on Dr. Dre's consumer-tech empire isn't quite as dramatic as the classic rap feuds of yore, this is still a good volley in the boardroom battle. Two speakers produce omnidirectional stereo in simulated 3-D, with pro-tuned 50mm drivers that deliver heavy bass and crisp sound faithful to the studio master. It pairs easily via Bluetooth 4.0 or near-field communication to your tablet or smartphone, and even doubles as a speakerphone for taking calls.

■ Leap Motion Controller Leap Motion • \$80

The rise of the touch-screen monitor may have stalled the development of a motion-sensing interface like the one Tom Cruise so deftly demonstrated in *Minority Report*, but the tiny Leap sensor puts that sci-fi vision back on track. Just plug the three-inch device into your PC or Mac, then wiggle your hands above it to scroll through web pages, sculpt and stretch 3-D models, pluck and push objects, shoot bad guys by aiming your hand like a gun, paint with your fingertips, and even play air guitar (you'll find more than 70 apps in the device's online store). Even if the Leap doesn't revolutionize the way you interact with your computer, it will at least save your touch screen from greasy fingerprints.



■ Chromecast Google • \$35

Google's fast, cheap, and easy-to-install Chromecast is a media streamer for people who don't want to mess around with Apple TV or similar devices. Simply stick this slim dongle into your TV's HDMI port, plug in the power supply, and link it to your home network via Wi-Fi. The Chromecast walks you through the setup process, then lets you use your smartphone or tablet as a remote. It streams content from Netflix, YouTube, and Google Play—a limited selection of apps compared to more expensive devices. What makes the Chromecast shine is its ability to mirror what you display on your PC or Mac's Chrome browser, which instantly adds Hulu, HBOGo, Spotify, etc.

■ Cookoo smartwatch ConnecteDevice • \$130

Here's a different kind of smartphone-connected watch. Instead of a tiny touch screen or a flashy display, it features a simple analog face with only the subtlest hints of smartphone functionality. After linking it to your iPhone or iPad by Bluetooth 4.0 (no compatibility with Android devices as of yet), the Cookoo uses vibrations, beeps, or itty-bitty icons to keep you in the loop. You can set it to alert you of incoming calls, social-media mentions, and calendar reminders, or have it tell you when your phone's battery is dying. Program the watch's multifunction button to check in on Facebook, control your music, trigger an alarm on your phone if you misplace it, and more. And unlike flashier smartphone-linked watches, the Cookoo runs on a standard watch battery and doesn't need recharging.



■ Tile tracking device

Reveal Labs • \$19 for one; \$57 for four

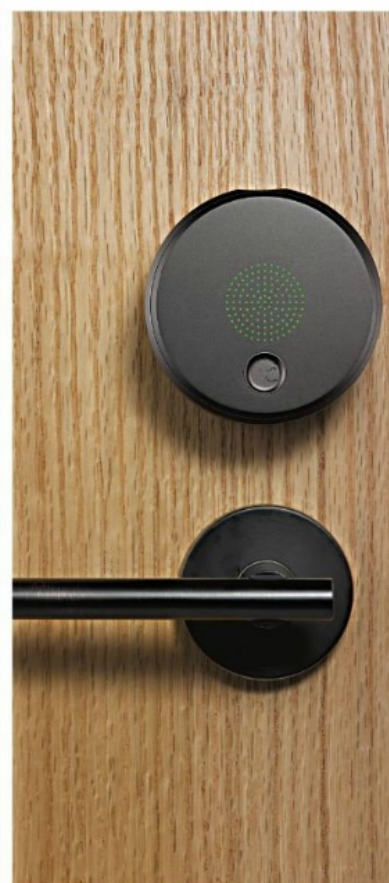
If you're prone to misplacing anything that isn't nailed down, these will at least keep you from losing your mind. Stick one of the plastic slivers to your keys, wallet, smartphone, lunch box, whatever, and use the Tile iOS app to track your property should it go astray. Each Tile device has a low-energy Bluetooth transmitter with an operating life of one year (the app lets you know when the battery is about to croak), and although each Tile's range is fewer than 100 yards, it taps into a network created by all Tile members. If another Tile user wanders within range of your lost property, the location will pop up on your app map.



■ blink(1) USB indicator light

ThingM • \$30

This is exactly what it sounds like: a thumbnail-size LED that glows when you plug it into any USB port. Whoop-de-f'ing-do, right? Not quite. This little light has a lot of uses, thanks to its easy programmability and range of functions (it can vary in brightness, color, and glow pattern). Link it to any PC or Mac computer, router, or USB-equipped gizmo, and you can program it to pulse when you get an email, flash when a download is done, blink when your calendar says you have an appointment, glow red when a storm's brewing, flicker when a package is delivered, or any other alert you can think of. Fill every free USB port in visual range with a blink(1) and let the light show keep you in the loop.



■ August smart lock

August • \$199

Your house key may soon go the way of the floppy disk and the answering machine. This is the niftiest of the new "smart locks," which replace your dead bolt and link wirelessly via Bluetooth to an app in your smartphone or laptop. Approach the door with your phone in your pocket and the lock automatically unlatches. You can issue temporary or permanent key codes to any friends who have the app for their phones (and just as easily revoke the codes for sloppy houseguests and psycho exes). August is battery operated, too, so you won't get stuck out in the cold if the power fails. And if it's your phone's battery that dies, you can still get in the analog way: with a backup key.

■ Kickstand foldable projector

Bem Wireless • \$800

Smaller than a briefcase and just as easy to haul around, the Kickstand projector is perfect for media hoarders with places to go. (It'll also work for businesspeople keen on PowerPoint presentations, but that's *booooring!*) The projector comes with its own built-in stand that folds out and lets the unit swivel, turning any wall—or even the ceiling—into a screen. The display achieves a bright 1,280 by 800 (720p) resolution, and it expands in size the farther you set the projector from the screen surface; set it ten feet away and the image will reach nearly 100 inches across. The Kickstand supports all the usual inputs, from HDMI to USB. A remote snaps into the unit and doubles as a lens protector.



■ TrakDot luggage tracker

GlobaTrac • \$50, plus \$9 activation fee and \$13 annual subscription

It won't do anything about gate delays or that brat kicking the back of your seat, but the TrakDot does remove a little insanity from the holiday travel season. Simply slip this palm-size GPS device into your luggage after linking it to an app on your Apple or Android smartphone (or your account at TrakDot.com). The battery-powered gizmo will send you a text with its location as soon as the plane lands. If your luggage missed your flight, you'll have a location you can give the airline to expedite your underwear's return. The TrakDot even tells you when it's about to hit the luggage carousel, so you can get a jump on everyone else waiting, or track any jet-lagged travelers who grab your bag by mistake.

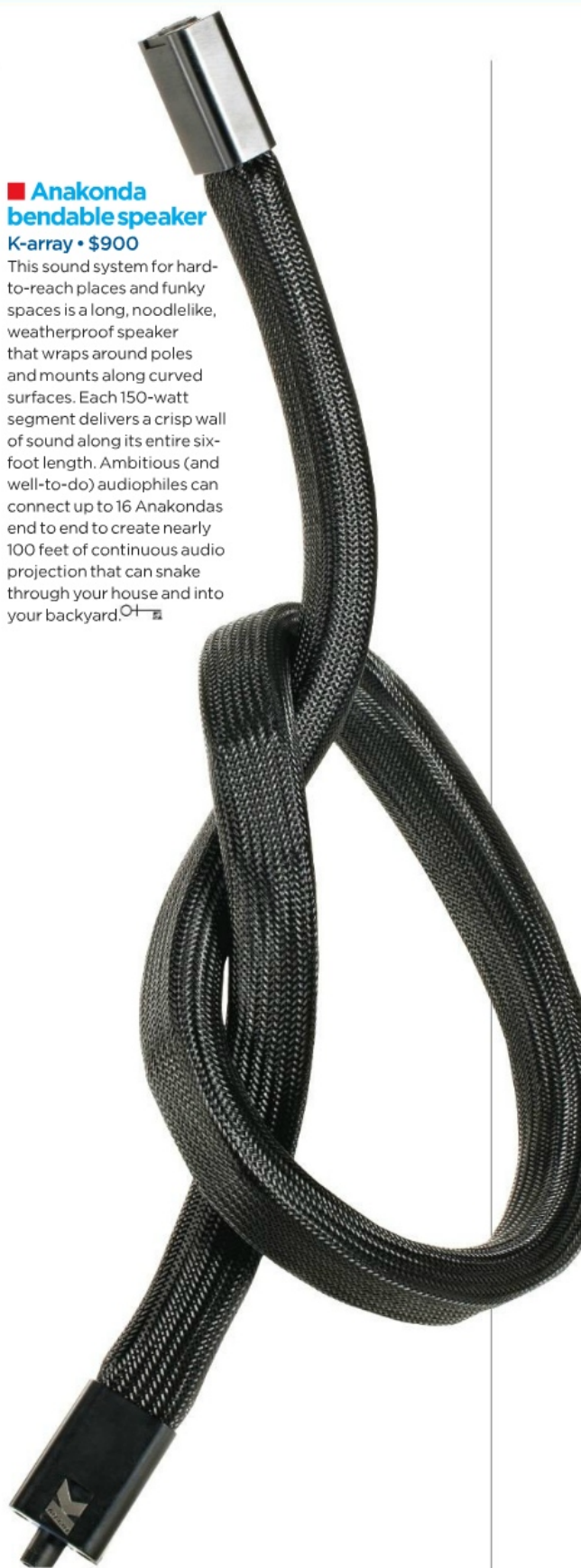


■ DefenderPad DefenderPad • \$90

Using a laptop on a long trip results in a swampy crotch. And while any lap pad—heck, even a cutting board—will take some heat off your testicles, this goes the extra mile, shielding you from Wi-Fi signals and electromagnetic radiation generated by monitors and power supplies. The rubberized surface keeps your system from slipping around, and absorbs heat more efficiently than other lap boards, so you'll make it to your destination without cooking your *cajones*.

■ Anakonda bendable speaker K-array • \$900

This sound system for hard-to-reach places and funky spaces is a long, noodlelike, weatherproof speaker that wraps around poles and mounts along curved surfaces. Each 150-watt segment delivers a crisp wall of sound along its entire six-foot length. Ambitious (and well-to-do) audiophiles can connect up to 16 Anakondas end to end to create nearly 100 feet of continuous audio projection that can snake through your house and into your backyard.

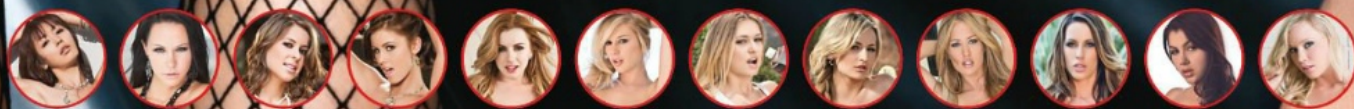


 [this year's models]

2014

Pet of the Year

PLAYOFF



It's time for our annual year in review, as we prepare to select a successor to 2013 Pet of the Year Nicole Aniston. We'll announce our new Queen next month, in the January 2014 issue ... after we take a long, loving look back at all the 2013 Pets.

2013 PET
OF THE YEAR
**NICOLE
ANISTON**



✂
**MARICA
HASE**

JANUARY 2013

Photograph by
VoyX

Vital stats:
33-23-34; 5'1"
31 years old

Hometown:
Tokyo, Japan.

**Your favorite thing about
your hometown:**

There are a lot of people
there, which is exciting
for me. I like meeting
people with different
personalities and
ways of thinking.

**If you could have any job
in the world, what
would it be?**

I want to become a
novelist. I love reading
books and writing. Now
I work as an adult actress
and a journalist. I write for
a Japanese newspaper.

Favorite sports:
Swimming and yoga.

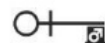
Who's your ideal date:
I like guys who are older
than I am, men who lead
me and introduce me to
their view of the world.

**What's the most daring
thing you've ever done?**

Coming to the U.S. so I
can try to become the
biggest porn star in
the world. I'm a small
Japanese girl, and my
English is not so good.
This is the challenge
of my life.

"I loved doing this
shoot because
standards are
different in the U.S.
In Japan, they
pixelate out my
pussy and ass. I'm
very excited to
be in *Penthouse*,
where American
men can appreciate
everything about
a sexy girl."





LALY

FEBRUARY 2013

Photograph by
VoyX

Vital stats:
34C-24-35; 5'7"
31 years old

Hometown:
Since I moved from
France to the States, it's
Vegas, baby!

**Your favorite thing about
your hometown:**
Anything is possible if you
work hard enough, and the
entire world comes there to
have fun. You can have
a crazy night on the Strip,
or chill in the wild, boating
or horseback riding. I
really feel like I was born
to live here!

Favorite foods:
French, of course. Sushi
is second, and I have a big
thing for cheesecake.

Favorite movies:
The Green Mile, *War of the
Worlds*, and the *Lord of the
Rings* trilogy.

Favorite TV shows:
Dexter, *Breaking Bad*,
Criminal Minds, *The
Walking Dead*.

Favorite sports:
Ashtanga yoga. And I did
swimming training for
many years, and learned
how to rescue people. Plus,
I like hiking and biking, and
shooting guns.

"I think I'm adventurous.
Think about it. I was a
cop, then I did a reality
show, became a
porn star, and left my
country to live in the
United States."

KEY
**PRESLEY
HART**

MARCH 2013

Photograph by
VoyX

Vital stats:
34-22-34; 5'2"
24 years old

Hometown:
Chino Hills, California.

**Your favorite thing about
your hometown:**
The memories I've made
with some of my
best friends.

**Your favorite
vacation spot:**
Lake Havasu. It's relaxing
in some spots and you
can party in other spots,
and I just have amazing
memories of my
trips there.

Dream vacation spot:
I'd like to travel the world,
but if I have to pick just
one place, I'd backpack
through Europe.

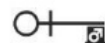
**What music gets you in
the mood?**
I don't need music to get
in the mood!

You're always up for:
A toe-curling orgasm.

You're never up for:
Silent sex.

"My favorite fantasy
is a lover throwing
me up against a wall
and ripping off my
clothes. We can't
keep our hands off
each other, and we're
banging into things,
breaking stuff..."





WHITNEY WESTGATE

APRIL 2013

Photograph by
W. Lawrence Stevens

Vital stats:

32D-24-30; 5'6"
19 years old

Hometown:

Middletown, New Jersey.

**Your favorite thing about
your hometown:**

There's snow in the winter
and the mountains are
close enough that I can
go snowboarding, but the
beach is ten minutes away.

Your favorite vacation spot:

The Bahamas. It's a
beautiful, fun, and
exciting place.

Dream vacation spots:

Australia and Fiji. I would
love to see for myself how
different they are.

**What do you like to do in
your spare time?**

Hang out with friends, go to
hockey games, snowboard,
go out to eat.

**Your most remarkable
sexual experience:**

I hooked up with a friend I've
known since eighth grade. It
was amazing!

**The most exciting place
you've made love:**

A dressing room at an
adult store.

"I came out to California
to break into the
business without
knowing anyone.
I actually told my
mother I was going to
school! But I love going
to new places and
trying new things."

LEXI
BELLE

MAY 2013

Photograph by
Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:
36-25-37; 5'2"
25 years old

Hometown:
Los Angeles.

**Your favorite thing about
your hometown:**

My family and friends
live nearby, and I love to
go out and explore all of
Southern California.

**Your favorite
vacation spot:**
Any time I can get out
of the city is a vacation,
but I love to go up into
the mountains and
snowboard.

Favorite food:
Mexican. I can't ever
get enough.

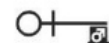
Favorite music:
I listen to a variety
of punk, hardcore,
electronic dance music,
and classic rock.

Favorite workout:
Hiking, roller-skating,
or biking. I like to get
outdoors when I
need a workout.

**Describe your first time
in three words:**
Best. Birthday. Ever.

"I've been in the adult
industry for seven
years now, and every
year things get
bigger and better.
I love this business!
At this point, it's
all I know, and
I'm okay with that."





HAYDEN HAWKENS

JUNE 2013

Photograph by
Mark Lit for Digital Desire

Vital stats:

37-26-34; 5'8"

22 years old

Hometown:

Wichita, Kansas.

**Your favorite thing about
your hometown:**

How calm and peaceful it
is. I love the stars in Kansas.
They're so bright and
beautiful, and there are
thousands of them.

Your favorite vacation spot:

The Ozarks of Missouri,
where I can cliff-jump into
Table Rock Lake.

Dream vacation spot:

Amsterdam, for the weed
and hookahs.

**Favorite thing about
your job:**

I love seeing the beautiful
photos that were done.
Googling myself and finding
new pictures is neat!

**What do you have that
other girls don't?**

Southern charm ... and a
Penthouse cover!

"I ran from the cops
once, and got away!
We were going 120 in a
Mustang. I love fast cars,
and a guy who knows
how to work on them is
perfect for me."

✂
**NATALIA
STARR**

JULY 2013

Photograph by
W. Lawrence Stevens

Vital stats:
34D-27-32; 5'8"
20 years old

Where are you from?
Poland.

Your favorite food:
Beef stew.

Favorite drink:
Sprite.

Favorite TV show:
The Big Bang Theory.

Favorite movies:
*The Hunger Games, Ace
Ventura: Pet Detective.*

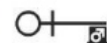
Favorite way to work out:
Swimming.

Favorite way to relax:
A day at a spa.

When are you happiest?
After an orgasm. There's
nothing better.

"I fantasize about
surprising one lucky
guy with two of my
girlfriends. We would
put on a sexy
little show for him,
then ravage him."





NATASHA STARR

AUGUST 2013

Photograph by
W. Lawrence Stevens

Vital stats:

34C-28-34; 5'7"
25 years old

Where are you from?
Poland.

If you could live anyplace, it would be:

Las Vegas! I love the casinos and the nightlife, and the weather is perfect, so no allergies.

Your favorite vacation spot:

Puerto Rico. I love the weather and the amazing beaches.

Dream vacation spot:

Hawaii. It seems like the perfect place for a sexy getaway.

Favorite food:

Sushi, and anything from Poland.

Favorite drinks:

Coconut water, plum wine, Chardonnay, and Earl Grey tea.

Favorite sports:

UFC, basketball, baseball, and soccer.

Favorite way to work out:

Kickboxing. It's an intense, full-body workout.

Favorite way to relax:

Nothing beats time in a hot tub.

"I enjoy the adult industry very much. Having sex with someone for the first time is very exciting, and I get to do that all the time with the sexiest people in the world. And I love thinking about the pleasure I bring to the audience!"

🔑
**CAPRI
CAVANNI**

SEPTEMBER 2013

Photograph by Mark Lit for
Digital Desire

Vital stats:

34DD-25-35; 5'4"
31 years old

Hometown:

Vancouver, Canada.

**Your favorite thing about
your hometown:**

The food, people,
mountains, water. The
people are so polite.

**Your favorite
vacation spot:**

Hawaii. It was great, and I
loved skydiving there.

Dream vacation spot:

Italy, which is where
my family is from;
Australia; Tokyo.

Favorite sports:

Football and hockey.

Favorite way to work out:

Sex or pole dancing.

Favorite way to relax:

Walking my dog.

Favorite movie sex scene:

9½ Weeks ... the entire film.

You're always up for:

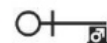
Sex.

You're never up for:

Not a thing.... I'm ready!

"I have sex in public
all the time. I've made
love on an X-ray table
at the hospital, in the
car, in parks, in store
changing rooms..."





KORTNEY KANE

OCTOBER 2013

Photograph by Cisco Lamessi

Vital stats:

34-24-35; 5'5"

28 years old

Where are you from?

South Carolina.

What are your favorite things about it?

The Southern cooking and Gamecock games at the University of South Carolina.

If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?

Bora-Bora, because it's gorgeous and peaceful.

Favorite food:

Mexican, sushi, and Twizzlers.

Favorite drink:

Coffee.

Favorite kind of music:

Almost everything ... except country.

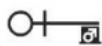
What kind of music gets you in the mood?

R&B.

Favorite sports:

Football and fights! I love mixed martial arts.

"My favorite sexual fantasy is anything where the guy takes control of me, throws me around a little, and chokes or spanks me. I love the tingly feeling that courses through my body at the idea of a man taking control like that."



VALENTINA NAPPI

NOVEMBER 2013

Photograph by Mark Lit
for Digital Desire

Vital stats:

36-24-35; 5'6"
22 years old

Hometown:

Pompei, Italy

**Your favorite thing about
your hometown:**

In Italian, "pompei"
means blowjob. That's
why a "Pompei wake-up
call" is waking a guy up
by sucking him off.

Your astrological sign:

Slut!☺

Does your sign suit you?

Of course!

**How would you describe
yourself to someone
who's never met you?**

I'm a smart slut.

**What was your most
remarkable sexual
experience?**

Fucking Rocco Siffredi.

**What's the most exciting
place you've made love?**

In a theater.

**What's the hottest movie
sex scene?**

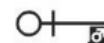
A blowjob scene in Curt
McDowell's *Thunder-
crack!*, a 1975 hard-core
black comedy.

**What's the advantage of
being good-looking?**

It's easy to have many
sexual partners.

"It was easy to
decide to book this
shoot for *Penthouse*.
I usually attempt to
show my pussy to as
many people as
I possibly can."





BREA BENNETT

DECEMBER 2013

Photograph by
Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:
34C-24-34; 5'5"
26 years old

Hometown:
Mesa, Arizona.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
Being close to my family, friends, and three mini dachshunds.

Favorite food:
Mexican, Indian.

Favorite drink:
I'm definitely a beer girl.

Your favorite TV shows:
The X-Files, *The Twilight Zone*, *The Office*, *Bob's Burgers*, *Dexter*.

Your favorite movies:
The Fountain, *Stay*, *Anchorman*.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?
I'll always be partial to *Titanic's* car scene.

If you could sleep with anyone, who would it be?
Fairuza Balk from *The Craft*.

"I wasn't one of the cool kids in high school so much as well-known, and that was because I dressed in punk-rock attire and came out as bisexual. *That* made me popular!"

GUN FOR



NING ANSWERS

We look at 50 years of “Who shot JFK?” theories, from the official to the extraterrestrial.

By Nick Redfern

Death Comes to Dallas

At 12:30 P.M., on November 22, 1963, a nation-changing event occurred in the heart of Dallas, Texas. It shocked not just the entire United States, but the world, too. In terms of that shock, it's fair to say it remained unparalleled until the equally tragic events of September 11, 2001.

As President John F. Kennedy's motorcade traveled slowly along Dealey Plaza, and as throngs of onlookers cheered, shots rang out in rapid-fire succession. People dove for cover. Confusion reigned. The life of the president came to a sudden and bloody end. Jacqueline Kennedy was left a distraught and devastated widow.

Less than two hours later, Lee Harvey Oswald was in custody, having been found hiding in Dallas's Texas Theater. He was destined never to stand trial. Two days after Kennedy took his last breath, Oswald, whether lone gunman or unfortunate patsy, was also killed by a bullet. The man who ended the life of the man who maybe shot the president was Jack Ruby, the owner of Dallas's legendary Carousel Club. Ruby, a player around town and buddy to East Coast mob bosses, was found guilty of the murder of Oswald. But there was no decades-long life sentence for Ruby—cancer took him on January 3, 1967.

In the half century that has now passed since JFK was killed, a wealth of theories has been put forward to explain the death of the only man to whom Marilyn Monroe publicly sung, or rather purred, “Happy Birthday.” Those theories range from plausible to paranoid to bizarre to out of this world. In no particular order of merit, we share with you ten of those theories, one of which—pardon the slightly distasteful pun—just might be bang on-target.

The Warren Commission and the Official Version

On November 29, 1963, an investigation began that still provokes huge debate in conspiracy-themed circles. The ten-month-long study was undertaken by the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy. Or, as it is far better, and unofficially, known, the Warren Commission, which took its name from its chairman, Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren.

The commission's job was to get to the bottom of who *really* shot JFK. According to the Warren Commission, it was Oswald, and *only* Oswald. Not everyone agreed with that conclusion, however.

Not a Trigger-Happy Loner

In 1978, 14 years after the Warren Commission laid all the blame firmly on Oswald, the United States House Select Committee on Assassinations (HSCA) came to a different conclusion. The lone gunman, said the committee, was not such a lone gunman, after all. President Kennedy's death was the result of nothing less than a full-on conspiracy.

The HSCA agreed with the Warren Commission that Kennedy was killed by Oswald and no one else. The committee went one step further, however, by concluding that Oswald was not the only gunman prowling around Dallas on that deadly day.

Forensic analysis suggested to

the HSCA's investigators that four shots rang out, not the three that the Warren Commission attributed to Oswald. That's to say, there was another gunman. In the minds of the HSCA's staff, this mysterious second character completely missed his target. Nevertheless, a pair of shooters meant a conspiracy was at the heart of the JFK assassination.

A Secret Service Blunder

Was JFK the victim of both an assassin *and* friendly fire? Of two men, totally unconnected to each other, who, in a strange set of circumstances, ultimately sealed the fate of the president? This was the theory postulated by Bonar



Menninger in his 1992 book, *Mortal Error: The Shot That Killed JFK*.

The scenario presented by Menninger had Oswald as the chief culprit, but not the only one. George Hickey was a Secret Service agent traveling in the vehicle immediately following the presidential car. After the bullets fired by Oswald hit JFK, Menninger suggested, Hickey accidentally discharged his weapon, delivering the fatal head-shot that killed Kennedy.

In 1992, when *Mortal Error* was published, Hickey was still alive. He was not pleased to see himself portrayed as the second gunman in the Kennedy assassination. Unfortunately for Hickey, he let three years pass before trying to take legal action against the publisher, St. Martin's Press. United States District Court Judge Alexander Harvey II dismissed the defamation case on the grounds that Hickey had waited too long to file suit. In 1998, however, Hickey received an undisclosed sum of money from St. Martin's Press that led Hickey's attorney, Mark S. Zaid, to state, "We're very satisfied with the settlement."

Murdered by the Mob

Prior to his death in 1976, Johnny Roselli was a notorious and much-feared figure in the Chicago Mafia. His influence and power extended to the heart of Tinseltown and the slots and tables of Las Vegas. In 1960, Roselli was quietly contacted by Robert Maheu, a former employee of the CIA and the FBI, who had a startling proposal for Roselli: The CIA wanted Roselli's help in taking care of Fidel Castro. In Mob speak, "taking care of" means "whacking." Thus was born a controversial program that saw the CIA and the Mob working together.

As history has shown, Roselli and his goons failed to take out Castro. But, say conspiracy theorists, they may have ended the life of JFK, with help from the CIA. The Mob was no fan of the Kennedy administration. Robert Kennedy, as Attorney General, went after the Mafia witch-

hunt-style. Did the Mob decide to return the favor? Maybe.

Following Kennedy's killing, Roselli and a number of other mobsters, including Santo Trafficante Jr. and Carlos Marcello, were suspected of being involved. Even the HSCA admitted there were "credible associations relating both Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby to figures having a relationship, albeit tenuous, with Marcello's crime family or organization."

Putting the Blame on ET

JFK was taken out of circulation to prevent him from revealing the truth about what really crashed at Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947? UFO-spotters say that upon getting elected in 1960, JFK got the lowdown on all things ET in a secret briefing from the CIA: "Bad news, Mr. President: Aliens are real. Worse news: They really don't like us." Kennedy was determined to warn the public of the alien menace.

A secret and ruthless cabal in the heart of officialdom was having none of it. The president had to go before he spilled the bug-eyed beans. Yep, sounds crazy. Even crazier, the JFK assassination really is littered with characters who were tied to the strange world of flying saucers.

Back in 1947, a man named Fred Crisman claimed to have recovered debris from an exploded UFO in Tacoma, Washington. Crisman also alluded to having worked for decades as a deep-cover agent with U.S. intelligence. Jim Garrison, New Orleans' District Attorney from 1961 to 1973, subpoenaed Crisman in 1968 while investigating JFK's death. The reason: Crisman had connections to a CIA asset, Clay Shaw, believed by many researchers to have been linked to the killing of Kennedy. The case against Shaw collapsed and Crisman breathed a big sigh of relief.

Guy Bannister, a retired FBI agent at the time of the JFK assassination, was also linked to Clay Shaw by Garrison. As the Freedom of Information Act has shown, Bannister undertook

numerous UFO investigations for the FBI in 1947.

There's even a Lee Harvey Oswald connection. In October 1962, Oswald went to work for a Texas-based company called Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall. It undertook classified photo-analysis connected to the CIA's U-2 spy-plane program. Where was the U-2 developed? Area 51, that's where. We know what goes on out there, right?

Missing the Target

One of the oddest theories concerning the Kennedy assassination tumbled out in the pages of a 1975 book *Appointment in Dallas*. It was written by Hugh C. McDonald, formerly of the LAPD. According to McDonald, Oswald was indeed a patsy, but in a very strange fashion.

Oswald was supposedly told, by shadowy sources, that his expertise was needed in Dallas on November 22, 1963. But Oswald wasn't to kill the president. Quite the contrary. Oswald was told to ensure all his bullets missed JFK. The operation, Oswald was assured, was designed to demonstrate how inadequate the Secret Service was by staging a mock assassination attempt. Unbeknownst to Oswald, however, a team of *real* assassins was in Dealey Plaza, and their bullets did not miss.

The gunmen made quick exits, leaving Oswald as the fall guy—simply because he really *did* fire bullets across Dealey Plaza. A panicked Oswald, realizing he had been set up, fled the scene, thus setting in motion the events that led to his arrest and death.

The Driver Did It

Forget Oswald. JFK was killed by the man behind the wheel, in full view of the people of Dallas and thousands of cameras. That was the outrageous claim by one of the most vocal conspiracy theorists of the 1980s and 1990s, Milton William "Bill" Cooper.

The man Cooper fingered as the guilty party was William Greer, a Secret Service agent who drove the

presidential limousine on the day that JFK was destined not to leave Dallas alive. When shots echoed around Dealey Plaza, Greer slowed the car and turned back to look at the president. For Cooper, Greer's actions were not due to confusion caused by the chaos breaking out all around him. No, Cooper claimed that analysis of the famous footage taken by Abraham Zapruder on the grassy knoll on November 22 showed Greer pointing some form of device at JFK.

That device, Cooper maintained, was a sci-fi-style weapon developed by government personnel who had acquired the technology from extraterrestrials. No, we're really not making this shit up.

By the time Cooper got on his rant, which began in the late 1980s, Greer wasn't around to defend himself. He had passed away in 1985 from cancer, having retired from the Secret Service in 1966 as a result of problems caused by a stomach ulcer.

In a strange piece of irony, Cooper himself died by a bullet. In the summer of 1998, he was charged with tax evasion. Cooper told the government where to go and what to do. What the government did, on November 5, 2001, was dispatch deputies to Cooper's Arizona home. A shootout soon erupted that left Cooper full of lead.

Orders From the Kremlin

In October 1959, Lee Harvey Oswald—an admitted Marxist—went to the Soviet Union. Oswald reached Moscow on October 16 and announced that he wished to remain in Russia. Although the Soviets were initially reluctant to allow Oswald residency, that soon changed. It wasn't long before Oswald had a job and a home. By 1961, he had a wife, Marina. Fatherhood soon followed. Claiming to have become disillusioned with a

dull life in the Soviet Union, however, Oswald moved his family to the United States in 1962.

Was Oswald recruited by the KGB during his time in Russia? Did his return to the States actually have nothing to do with disillusionment? Had the elite of the Kremlin convinced Oswald to kill Kennedy? One person who has commented on such matters is Ion Mihai Pacepa, a general with Romania's Department of State Security, who defected to the United States in 1978. One of Pacepa's revelations was that JFK was killed on the orders of Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev. Still seething after backing down in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, Khrushchev was determined to exact his revenge.

Notably, Pacepa asserted that Khrushchev made a last-minute decision not to go ahead with the plan to kill JFK. Unfortunately, the Russians failed to make timely contact with Oswald and inform him of the change in plans. The countdown to assassination could not be stopped.

Castro Flexes His Muscles

As far back as the late 1950s, the CIA planned to have Cuba's president, Fidel Castro, assassinated. The Kennedy administration sought to destabilize the Cuban government on many occasions. Castro was enraged. Not as enraged as he became in the wake of the Bay of Pigs invasion of 1961 and the missile crisis of 1962, however. Castro decided to teach the United States a terrible lesson by having the most powerful man on the planet, JFK, murdered. Or so the conspiracy-minded tell us. None other than Kennedy's successor, Lyndon B. Johnson, suspected the Cubans were behind the president's killing. Stating that he could "accept that [Oswald] pulled the trigger," Johnson felt that Castro

had a significant hand in matters somewhere.

Castro has consistently denounced such claims. He has also asserted, perhaps with justification, that had the United States proved Cuba was involved, his country would have been wiped off the map. Castro was certainly not a fan of JFK's, but would he have risked the very existence of Cuba to see Kennedy killed? The question lives on.

Death by the Military-Industrial Complex

In January 1961, outgoing President Dwight D. Eisenhower made a speech that included lines that have become inextricably tied to the murder of JFK. Eisenhower said, "In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex."

In the minds of many JFK-assassination researchers, it is this military-industrial complex that we should look to for answers. JFK had a vision of creating a state of lasting peace between the United States and the Soviet Union, and wanted to end the Cold War permanently.

Powerful figures in the military, the intelligence community, and companies that raked in high profits in lucrative defense contracts secretly agreed to do the unthinkable. Making money on war was more important than the president.

The Mystery Lingers

Today, half a century after JFK was assassinated, we're still none the wiser as to what really went down. Or didn't. And, in all likelihood, the full and unexpurgated facts, whether pointing in the direction of deep conspiracy or Lee Harvey Oswald, will never surface. ☪



GET YOUR JOLLIES

If you need to drop holiday hints early, check out these ideas for inspiration.

By Deirdre Goldbeck

LOOKING GOOD



Peugeot just made choosing a watch a whole lot easier with this **Four-Piece Interchangeable Pop Out Watch**. The 42mm case has a black background with numbers at 12 and 6, and comes with four 16mm bands (black leather, silver-tone, gunmetal, and orange rubber), so you can change the look depending on the occasion. The complete set comes housed in a zippered leather case that's great for traveling. PeugeotWatches.com; \$120

The special ChromPop lenses on these **Turnkey sunglasses** offer film-free polarization and increased visual clarity. The lenses have an antireflective coating on the inside, and have been treated to be scratch-resistant and to repel moisture and grime. All of these features make them great for sports, but the frameless lenses give them a streamlined look, so they'll work just as well for casual wear. The frames come in black, blue, and dark brown, with coordinating tinted lenses. SmithOptics.com; \$209



All of the inner workings are laid bare in these stripped-down, vintage-looking **Watch Movement cuff links**. The cogs and gears, set in sterling-silver casings with lever backs, don't move, but they'll still get people talking. Each cuff link is handmade, and comes gift-boxed with a certificate of authenticity. RedEnvelope.com; \$170



Guarding your wallet against pickpockets used to be a no-brainer. But these days, you need to protect your identity and credit card information against RFID (radio-frequency ID) chip signals that electronically steal your personal information. Zippo's **stainless-steel wallet** can shield your cards from high-tech thieves. The wallet measures 4.5 inches by 3 inches, holds cash and six credit cards, and the stainless-steel cover can be engraved. Help ruin a thief's day before he ruins yours. Zippo.com; \$50



TOYS AND TOOLS



Home improvements will be a breeze when your tools are organized in the **Topeak PrepStation Trolley Tool Station**. It has five trays with 40 tools, and a deep bottom bin to store small parts; each tray swivels for easy access. It has sturdy five-inch wheels, a fold-down aluminum handle, and weighs 39 pounds. Not only is it good for jobs around the house and yard, but it's great to have on the sidelines as racing support for cyclists. [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B000068888); \$900



Milwaukee invented the reciprocating saw in 1951, and the cordless **M18 Fuel Sawzall** is the company's latest iteration. The Redlithium XC4.0 battery pack provides up to two times more operating time, there's a 30 percent faster cutting rate due to the Powerstate brushless motor, and Redlink Plus Intelligence hardware and software prevent overloading, overheating, and overdischarging, which means five times longer life than other recip saws. It weighs in at 8.9 pounds and the kit includes one battery pack, a multi-voltage charger, a blade, and a carrying case. [Milwaukee.com](https://www.milwaukee.com); \$299; two-battery kit: \$399



The **Trucker's Friend** is one of those all-purpose, must-have tools. It'll cut branches, chip hard-packed ice, hammer nails, remove foreign objects from tires—it can even be used as a pry bar. You can hack your way out of a burning vehicle or ward off encroaching wildlife. The steel-alloy blade and shank are rust-resistant; the non-conducting fiberglass handle has a shock-absorbing power grip for easy wielding. It weighs just 2.6 pounds and is primarily designed for truckers, but you'll find all kinds of uses for it in the house, on the road, and when the zombie apocalypse strikes your area. Keep it close at hand. [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B000068888); \$60



Now you can own your own personalized **Louisville Slugger**. Just go to the company's website to select your bat color and font style, then personalize it with up to four lines of lettering. And since this is the official bat of Major League Baseball, feel free to add the logo of your favorite team, or choose from a select group of college logos. [SluggerGifts.com](https://www.sluggergifts.com); prices range from \$20 to \$130

When hunting season rolls around, you'll want to have Bushnell's **Truth Laser Range Finder** with ARC (angle-range compensation) in your arsenal. It's a definite advantage for bow hunting, with four times magnification, true horizontal distance from 7 to 199 yards, and a range-finder range of 7 to 850 yards. It's rainproof, operates on an included three-volt battery, weighs just six ounces, and comes with a neck strap and carrying case. [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B000068888); \$319



The **Hawkbill Pruner** is a wicked-looking asset to your knife collection. This limited-edition John Deere Collection set has a knife with a blade that's curved like a raptor's talon, a green bone handle, a Case collectible medallion, and a certificate of authenticity. The knife measures four inches closed, and it's housed in a John Deere barn-style case. Better hurry, though, as Case & Sons has produced only 250 of these sets. [WRCase.com](https://www.wrcase.com); \$165

INSIDE



Anything that serves a dual purpose is an advantage, like a towel that doubles as a robe. The hooded **RobeTowel** is made of a fast-drying, antimicrobial, superabsorbent fabric that's capable of soaking up four times its weight in water. It has two deep pockets to hold your stuff, and comes with its own storage pouch. You can choose from three color options, and sizes range from small to large. Packtowel.com; \$75



You can never have too many shirts. Eddie Bauer's **double-knit henley** is a blend of soft cotton and polyester, with a contrasting snap closure, and ribbed neckline and cuffs. The interior seams are clean-finished for comfort and the shoulders are reinforced for durability. It comes in heather blue, heather oatmeal, and black, and sizes range from small to XXXL. It's the perfect shirt for layering under the Downlight 50 at right. EddieBauer.com; \$50



Being a tough guy doesn't mean you can't appreciate soft things, especially when it comes to underwear. Pact makes a complete line of 95 percent organic-cotton **briefs, boxer briefs, loungewear, shirts, and socks** for everyday wear in solid colors, prints, stripes, and some limited-edition designs. WearPact.com; prices start at \$10

OUTSIDE



Fifty years ago, Jim Whittaker became the first American to climb Mount Everest; Eddie Bauer's **Downlight 50 jacket** was designed to pay homage with a nod to that past, while still representing today's style. The lightweight shell is water-repellent and windproof, and the down is treated to prevent clumping within the jacket. There are two tricot-lined zippered pockets, and elastic in the hem keeps in heat. It folds up into its own pocket and is machine washable. Sizes range from small to XXL, in regular or tall. EddieBauer.com; regular: \$279; tall: \$299



Harley-Davidson has specialized in riding footwear for years, but there are times when you might need to leave your wheels at home. The **Badlands boots** are part of the HD riding-appropriate footwear line, so you can feel as comfortable walking the walk as you do hopping on your bike and hitting the road. The upper portion of the boot is made of full-grain leather with a padded collar for comfort, while the lining is breathable with a cushioned insole; the outsole is made of oil-resistant rubber. Harley-DavidsonFootwear.com; \$138



When you don't really need a heavy jacket for a quick trip to the store, the **Odin insulated shirt** is just right. The cotton flannel shirt is lightly insulated with Warmcore by PrimaLoft and it's quick-drying. It has zippered chest pockets for cards or loose change, and it comes in four different plaids: night blue, espresso, and two black variations. Sizes range from small to XXL. HellyHansen.com; \$120

THE GOOD LIFE



The New Year is just around the corner, which means you're about to make a resolution to get fit—again. A great way to start is by juicing, and slow juicers extract more liquid and nutrients from fruits and veggies. The **Infinity Slow Juice Extractor** is powered by 300 watts, but it's silent. It comes with an external jug to collect the pulp, a one-liter jug with a foam separator, a fine-grid basket for juicing, and a coarser one for smoothies—and it's all dishwasher-safe. When you consider how much you can spend at your local juice bar, this one's worth the price. KruppsUSA.com; \$335



Fried food always tastes better when someone else does the work and the cleaning up. **Philips Airfryer**, the next best thing, will simplify the frying process and eliminate the excess fat. It uses a combination of hot circulating air and a grilling element to fry your food, requiring only a half tablespoon of oil, and you can fry two different foods at the same time. Other features include adjustable temperature control, a timer preset, and an auto-shutoff function with ready indicator. It's a healthier way to eat, and eliminates that lingering fried-food smell in your house or your clothes. HSN.com; \$250



Sure, the **Royale Sampler** may look like a box of cigars—but that's the point. The folks at Olympic Provisions in Oregon own two restaurants, and pride themselves on using local ingredients and hand-butchering the pork for their distinctive meats. They cure and sell a variety, including foot-long franks and mouthwatering hams, but we love the 12-piece salami sampler. It contains flavor profiles from France, Greece, Italy, and Spain, all individually wrapped in brown paper with the company's cigarlike labels, and nestled in a wooden box. OlympicProvisions.com; \$150

THE FAST LANE



Skip the drive-through and get your fast-food fix at home with the Hamilton Beach **Breakfast Sandwich Maker**, using eggs, cheese, vegetables, or precooked meat, with your choice of bread, like English muffins, biscuits, or mini bagels. After preheating the unit, place the bottom half of your bread in the bottom plate and top it with cheese, precooked meat, or vegetables. Lower the middle plate, crack an egg into the ring, and pierce the yolk. Place the remaining half of your bread on top of the egg and close the lid. Five minutes later, your breakfast is ready, and the nonstick cooking surfaces make cleanup easy and quick. [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B000068888); \$30



Since you'll need something to wash down that delicious sandwich, brew your java directly into your cup or travel mug using the Mr. Coffee **Single Serve Coffee Brewer**. It's powered by Keurig technology, so you can brew coffee, hot chocolate, or tea with those handy K-Cups in less than a minute, and you can select from three different size options—six-, eight-, or ten-ounce. The removable 40-ounce water reservoir means you can brew multiple cups without stopping to refill. [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B000068888); \$120



When you don't even have time for a cup of coffee, get your caffeine on the run and satisfy your sweet craving with Awake **caffeinated milk chocolate**. Each candy bar (with or without caramel) has as much caffeine as a 20-ounce cup of coffee—enough to pull you out of your mid-afternoon slump. And let's face it—who doesn't like chocolate? [AwakeChocolate.com](https://www.AwakeChocolate.com); \$2 each

Enemy of the State?

Veteran Brandon Raub was arrested, labeled as mentally ill, and committed to a psych hospital for “crimes against the state.” His crime? Ranting about politics on Facebook.

By John Rico

The day 26-year-old Brandon Raub would be declared unfit for polite society started out like any other. Raub was living with his brother in Richmond, Virginia. He had spent the morning trading silver numismatic coins on the internet, reading about financial investing, and occasionally posting on Facebook; it was a relaxing change of pace from the previous summer, when he had sought out improvised explosive devices in Afghanistan as a Marine reservist and combat engineer. On this day, August 16, 2012, in the late afternoon, alone in the house while his brother was at the grocery store, Raub headed to the back porch to lift some weights. That’s when he heard the knock at the front door.

Raub peeked out the window to see two men in polo shirts, dark sunglasses, and cropped hair. He opened the door and the men identified themselves as FBI agents. “We’re very concerned about you, Brandon,” one of the agents said.

“Why are you concerned about me?” Raub asked.

“We just have some concerns,” the second agent replied, unhelpfully.

“About what?” Raub repeated.

“You tell us,” the agent said.

Raub doesn’t remember the exact details of the full exchange, but the important details are as follows: An additional five men from the police department and the Secret Service came into view, moved into Raub’s yard, and formed a circle around him. The agents began asking Raub about his political beliefs, and he answered honestly. He told them that 9/11 was an inside job. That the Federal Reserve is a sham. That the Bill of Rights is being systematically dismantled.

Having heard his response—and without presenting a warrant or reading his Miranda rights—agents placed Raub in handcuffs and put him in the back of a police car. Raub was

dressed only in shorts; his request to have an officer accompany him into the house to get a T-shirt and shoes was rejected. (The arrest was filmed and posted to YouTube by Raub’s brother, who’d since arrived home; Google “Brandon Raub arrest video.”)

Inside the car, Raub asked a number of simple questions: Where are you taking me? *Why* are you taking me? How long will you be holding me?

“You asked for our help,” he says one of the officers replied.

“No, I didn’t,” Raub said.

At the police station, Raub remained handcuffed with his hands behind his back and was interrogated by the Secret Service for several hours about his military training. They were concerned about his familiarity with guns and explosives, finding it suspicious despite the fact that the government itself had provided him with this knowledge.

Next, a social worker asked Raub if he heard voices. “No,” Raub replied. “No, I don’t hear voices.”

Raub’s attorney, John Whitehead, tells this reporter he later heard that the social worker was bothered by the length of the pauses in Raub’s

replies—long pauses apparently being one of the signs of mental illness. In actuality, the pauses were Raub trying to come to an understanding of what was going on.

Reliving the memory several months later, Raub explains his state of mind: “I was so flabbergasted. I was in shock. ‘What do you want to know? Uncuff me and I’ll tell you everything you want to know.’”

Instead, Raub was deemed mentally defective by declaration of the state, and he was disappeared by the government. The reason was cited as troubling Facebook posts.

Ironically, one’s first thought upon reading Raub’s Facebook “thought-crimes” is that his posts are rather banal; they read like a stream-of-consciousness rant from someone steeped heavily in conspiracy theory. In Raub’s view, for instance, a shadowy cabal called the Bilderberg Group secretly controls the world.

His views are so scattershot that some of them connect with the mainstream (concerns over increased presidential power and the President’s ability to target

"I kept asking for someone to please explain and no one would tell me anything.... It was surreal ... having no questions answered whatsoever."

Americans for assassination; the slow deterioration of Fourth Amendment protections), while some can be disregarded as fringe political theory (government internment camps).

All of which is beside the point. In the United States, it's not supposed to matter if you—or the police, or the government, or even most Americans—agree with Raub. Even so, his views are shared by millions of Americans. If you listen to radio host Alex Jones, you can hear the same kind of ideological fervor broadcast nightly.

In court, the government specifically cited a post in which Raub wrote, "Sharpen my axe; I'm here to sever heads." Raub explains that this wasn't a threat, but the lyrics of a song from a Canadian rap group. It was metaphor. Hey, even Jesus said he came not to bring peace, but a sword.

And this gets us straight to the point. Raub wasn't collecting axes—or severed heads, for that matter. He was not fomenting rebellion or planning to kidnap government officials. Instead, Raub was posting on a *private* Facebook account about his political beliefs and his frustrations with the government, to self-identified friends who understood the exaggerated dramatic appeals, understood the message, and, most important, understood Raub.

For Raub's family—a brother who witnessed his sibling's inexplicable arrest, a mother who was accustomed to speaking with her son daily—his disappearance was frightening. As his mother told me, "My concern was that somebody put a black bag over his head, and I just wanted to know where he was. I kept being redirected from one agency to another; we just couldn't find out where he was. We spent hours and hours trying to find him. It was pretty tough. I'd seen my son do two tours [in Iraq and Afghanistan] and be in harm's way, but now he's back in America, where

this isn't supposed to happen."

The only thing Raub's family knew was that he'd been taken for unknown reasons, and no one—the police included—seemed to know where he was.

Raub, though, knew exactly where he was, but since he was not allowed to use the phone, he couldn't tell anyone. He was on a psych ward at the John Randolph Medical Center in nearby Hopewell, Virginia, a facility that deals specifically with mental health. The hospital, which smelled of bleach and old clothes, kept the populace doped up by handing out meds like they were Skittles (Raub refused to take his). They also watched patients go to the bathroom and forced everyone to participate in therapy groups and activities; Raub painted an acrylic jungle picture that he's still fond of.

According to Raub, when he attempted to avoid participating in the group-therapy sessions, one of the doctors threatened him, saying that he would be brainwashed by forced medication if he refused to cooperate. When Raub asked to see his own doctor, his request was refused; according to Raub's attorney, this is a violation of state law.

On August 20, four days after Raub's arrest, a judge rubber-stamped the government's request to extend Raub's commitment, this time for 30 days at a VA hospital some three and a half hours away. By then, however, his mother's persistent phone calls had paid off. She brought the cavalry in the form of John Whitehead, an attorney with the Rutherford Institute. On August 23, District Court Judge Allan Sharrett reviewed the case and couldn't find a reason for Raub's continued detention, saying that the government's case was "devoid of any factual allegations."


The judge had Raub released immediately because there was no proof that he was a threat to himself or to others. There was nothing but a single government agency that for unknown reasons had decided to

commit Raub, and a string of mental-health professionals who apparently signed off on it simply because it was requested by the FBI. (The FBI did not reply to our requests when asked to comment on the case.)

Recounting his time in the hospital, Raub says, "I'd never talked to anyone who had been in a psych ward. I didn't know what my rights were, and no one would tell me what I was there for. They didn't tell me anything. 'Why am I here? What is going on?' The doctor would say, 'You know why you're here.' I kept asking for someone to please explain and no one would tell me anything.... It was surreal, being completely in the dark, being ushered along, and having no questions answered whatsoever by anyone."

Raub says he wasn't physically mistreated while committed, but he did lose 15 pounds that week. He and Whitehead have filed a lawsuit seeking monetary compensation as well as answers as to why Raub was targeted, but they're not expecting a resolution anytime soon.

Whitehead says that Raub's case isn't an isolated one. He claims this is going on all over the country. "The state [of Virginia] has about 20,000 civil commitments each year.... [The Rutherford Institute] estimates that there's about 1.5 million per year across the country." He also claims that he's been contacted by other veterans and veteran organizations with reports of similar situations.

Was Raub caught in the net of the Department of Homeland Security's "Operation Vigilant Eagle," where conservative-leaning veterans are monitored as part of an effort to identify the next Timothy McVeigh? Or was it part of the NSA's domestic-surveillance operation? Or maybe it was just overzealous law enforcement responding to a tip in a world that's survived far too many horrific attacks and shootings. 



sweet treat



Since Brea Bennett returned to adult entertainment after a three-year hiatus, she's taking the industry by storm. We're thrilled to name the sweet-as-candy star our December Pet of the Month.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker





"I've never had a bad job, because I've always been grateful for it at the time. But if I could have any job in the world, I would still be an adult model and film star. I enjoy using my body as an expression of art."









"I grew up singing, and I still sing and play guitar. And I like to paint, do yoga, play videogames, and go on outdoor adventures."



"I wasn't one of the cool kids in high school so much as well-known, and that was because I dressed in punk-rock attire and came out as bisexual. *That* made me popular!"





★ BREA BENNETT
DECEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"I don't have a favorite fantasy, but I've always enjoyed threesomes. I love other women, and I *really* get off on sharing my partner with another woman."

0111 BREA BENNETT
DECEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP





BREA BENNETT
DECEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE

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BREA BENNETT
DECEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Stats:
5'6" 34-34-35 31"
26 years old

Hometown:
Mesa, Arizona

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
Being close to the desert, friends, & hot times
with the friends.

Your favorite vacation spot:
Traveling the outdoors, if you're in
Arizona I love Tucson, when I'm in
California I love San Diego. Today
I'm in Tucson I love the desert.

Your dream vacation spot:
I would love to go to Hawaii.

Favorite drink:
I'm definitely a beer girl.

Favorite TV shows:
The X-Files, The Twilight Zone, The Office,
Don't Be a Dumbass, Golden.

Favorite movies:
The Producers, Stay, Anchorman.

What's the hottest movie you've seen?
I know I'm a little bit of a nerd, but I love
the movie The Hot Chick.

If you could be anyone else in the world,
who would you be?
Someone who lived around 1000 AD and
was the first person to know the
world was round.

If you could sleep with anyone, who
would it be?
Patrick Swayze from The Untouchables.

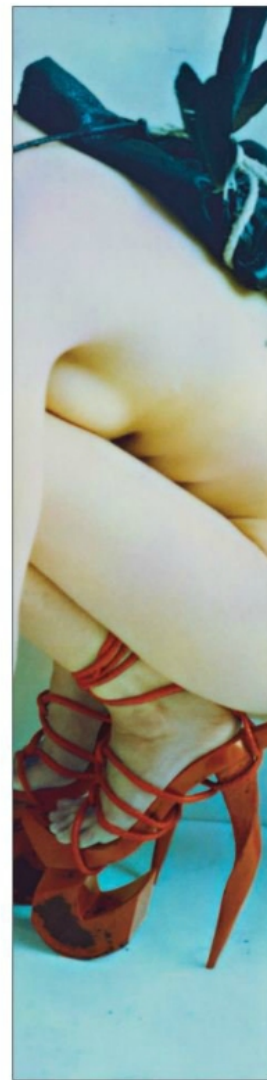
What's your proudest moment?
Besides when I was named the
Penthouse Pet of the Month, I was named
the most beautiful woman in the world.
What moment in your life would you
like to forget?
The night I was named the Arizona
Pet of the Month. When I was named
the most beautiful woman in the world.

SEE MORE OF BREA AT BREAONLINE.COM

A FETISH FOR FASHION

The new book *Fetishism in Fashion*, by pioneering trend forecaster Lidewij Edelkoort, explores the intersection between avant-garde fashion and the fetish world.

By Christine Colby



In her new book, *Fetishism in Fashion*, Lidewij Edelkoort writes, "The folklore of fetishism is endless, with neckties, medals, garter belts, hairbrushes, prosthesis, and aprons each narrating their own obsession." Edelkoort goes beyond fashion as

well, delving into how taste and attraction are related to subconscious experiences.

A selection of various other contributing authors considers the appeal of high heels, the iconic power of the color black, and the history of tight-lacing. There are special sections devoted to artistic boundary-pushers, such as couture designer Alexander McQueen and underground performance artist Leigh Bowery. Exciting and shocking photographs illustrate more than 50 different fetishes and feature gorgeous images of corsetry,

harnesses, bondage, S&M-influenced jewelry, and bizarre footwear.

The packaging of the book also contributes to its fetishistic appeal, as it comes satisfyingly bound in an irregularly shaped, thick, red rubber band.

While some of the book's contents are a little esoteric (fish fetish, shamanism, braided hair), the writing is sensually charged and there is just enough nudity and perv-appeal to make the more educational sections bearable. Think of it as a respectable way to keep a dirty book on the coffee table.

Consider the appeal of high heels, the power of the color black, and the history of tight-lacing.

VINTAGE SEX FOR DUMMIES



Even in this age of video, we still love dirty books, and we're overjoyed to have gotten our hairy palms on a new one—or new to us, anyway. *The School of Venus, or the Ladies Delight, Reduced Into Rules of Practice*, is a delightfully filthy and graphic sex manual from the 1600s, available free online from Google Books.

The book is laid out as a dialogue between a sexually experienced woman and her young, beautiful, and naive cousin—but the older woman has a hidden agenda: to make the girl receptive to the advances of one Mr. Roger, who wishes to “ease her of her maiden-head.” Mr. Roger does indeed “swive” the girl “in various ways,” and the young ingenue reports back in meticulous detail.

Once you get past the thees and thous and the s's that look like f's, the book is amazingly modern and uninhibited, and three and a half centuries after its publication, it's still an excellent source of sexual information. Here are some samples:

- “You cannot imagine the satisfaction you will take, when once you have gotten a fucking friend suited to your purpose ...”
- “Sometimes we do it sideways, sometimes kneeling, sometimes crossways, sometimes backwards ...”
- “Four or five times a night is enough for any reasonable woman” ... “In plain English my cunt itcheth like wildfire” ... “I am confident Mr. Roger cannot but be a good fuckster” ... “for my part I believe we were created for fucking, and when we begin to fuck, we begin to live....”

It's the 1600s, for fuck's sake! Shakespeare died in the 1600s, and he's way harder to understand. We heartily recommend this book, not just for people who could use some practical and still-relevant sex education, but for everyone with a tarse (prick) or twot (cunt).—*Amos Moses*

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER



The Sexxttons are a real-life mother-daughter porn team (Jessica is in her late fifties; Monica is in her early twenties) who make videos for their own website, Sexxttons.com. Mom and daughter will do the same guy in a threesome, or two different guys in a foursome. But they will never, ever touch each other, at least not when they're naked on-screen. This is important because incest is illegal, if not actually immoral, and in Florida, where they live, it is a felony of the third degree, punishable by up to five years in the slammer.

Now the Sexxttons are looking

for a father-son duo to meet them on-screen in an epic show-business, family-style, XXX confrontation. The idea is that Jessica will do the father and Monica will do the son, though they could switch it up for a cross-generational thrill. And conceivably, both of them could do the father or the son, so long as they don't touch each other. Father and son would also be wise to look out for even casual contact during sex scenes. Like high-fiving each other, for example.

All we can say is, we're glad it's not a mother-son or father-daughter porn team.—*A.M.*



Oral Sex Techniques To Turn Her On

We demystify cunnilingus with tips from *Fifty Shades of Oral Pleasure: A Bedside Guide to Going Down for Him and Her*.

By Marisa Bennett • Illustrations by Robert Ullman

The bad news is, there is no supersecret move that will turn all women into a melted puddle at your feet. All women are different, and a woman's tastes may change from romp to romp, so the best trick I can give you is to read your partner. Pay attention to all the signs she's giving you, from the words she's saying (and "Oh, yeah" counts) to the way she's moving and breathing to the touch and feel of her body. But everybody says that, and it doesn't give you anywhere to start. So I've put together some more tips that can help you explore her body and find out exactly how to make her say, "More, please!"

■ Say the ABCs

This trick is tried-and-true, and it will help you suss out how your partner likes to stroke it. Use your tongue to spell out the ABCs on her pussy. This is a good beginner technique, because as you're twirling the letters up, down, left, right, you can try to feel out which movements she likes best. Slow down and change your pressure while you move across her entire vulva, feeling

out where she wants you. This is a good trick to have at the ready to help with "pussy calibration," but once you know what your lady likes, you should move on, since the ever-changing motions can get frustrating as she gets closer to coming.

■ Hum!

You don't want to seem bored, or strange, so don't just hum a little ditty to her pussy. Instead, incorporate some noises of enjoyment into your oral experience: With her clit in your mouth, or with your mouth pressed up against her pussy, make a little *mmm* noise to let her know you like what you're doing. The gentle vibrations can feel really good, and the primal, enthusiastic noises are a serious turn-on, especially when combined with so many other sensations.

■ Pants Off Dance Off

This tip is great for getting started. The rule is that she keeps her pants on until she's ready, moaning, and tearing them off herself. This way, she's ready and begging for it before your mouth meanders south. Until then, use your

whole hand to fondle and manipulate her pussy lips from the outside of her pants. Don't focus on her clit or try to pinpoint a specific spot to touch; this is more of a "macro pussy massage." Let her grind against you as you make out; it might seem old-school, but that just adds to its appeal.

Use your hands: Lay your hand on her whole pussy, with your palm by her clit and your fingers resting on her pussy lips, then move your hand to pull up toward her belly button. This slides the clit in and out of its little "hood," essentially jerking her off. Try back and forth movements as well, right over her clitoris. Sitting either in front or behind her, put your whole hand over her pussy again, with your fingertips in line with her clit, then move your whole hand back and forth, kind of like an old-school deejay scratching a record. Try not to create too much friction: You don't want to rub the fabric of her pants against her clit, because without any lube that can be painful. By the time she tears her pants off, you won't have to do much more to get her off.

■ Now Kiss

Some like their cunnilingus with a side of romance, so pucker up when you go down. Kiss gently along the inside of her outer pussy lips, then circle inward, leaving soft kisses along her inner labia. Trace kisses from her vagina to her clitoris, quick and light at first, then slower with a bit more pressure. Switch to more passionate kissing: Part your lips and gently suck on her pussy before you pull away. Start using your tongue like you would when kissing: Rhythmically stroke her clit and inner labia, moving your tongue with your lips. Move in the same patterns you traced at the beginning, changing the speed and pressure. Focus your attentions on her clit, using the same gentle sucking, kissing move as before. Follow her lead and let her tell you how she likes it. When she's ready to come, stay right where you are, keeping the pressure and speed steady—unless she's yelling "Harder!" or "Faster!" in which case, she's the boss.

ON THE BUTTON

But what do you do with the clit? All the advice says you're doing it wrong if you ignore the clit, but once it's

looking you in the face, what do you do with it? Some women don't want you touching their clit at all, and some women like it only after you've gotten them warmed up. But if you know your lady loves to have her button pushed, you need to give it some extra attention. Here are some ways to stimulate that needy clit:

■ Swirl It

Draw circles around her clit with your tongue. Start wide, pausing to nibble on her lips as you slide by. Move toward the clit, making it the center of the concentric circles you're drawing across her vulva. Every other swoop, reverse the direction. Draw the circles tighter and tighter until you reach her clitoris, reversing direction and alternating your speed. Continue tracing circles around her clitoris, flicking your tongue over her clit until she hits her groove.

■ Bop It

Suck her clit into your mouth, holding it steady while you gently smack it about with your tongue. Come at it from all angles, batting it around. This will drive even the most hardy clitoris wild! Keep your suction gentle, just

enough to keep her in place as you bop her clit. If she seems to respond to one bop more than others, add more of those into your rotation. Just don't keep smacking her the same way for too long, since it could desensitize her and make it harder for her to come. But as she climbs toward climax, you should make your moves more regular and switch to a steady rhythm to help drum her home.

■ Suck It

You're not trying to give her a lower hickey, but don't be afraid to suck a little clit. Pop the clit into your mouth, then suck gently to draw it further into your mouth. When you begin, suck as you would when you're kissing, alternating sucking with other soft fondling and massaging moves with your lips and tongue. Try giving the clit a mini "blowjob," sucking on it while sliding it in and out of your mouth.

■ Lick It

Ever heard the term "flicking the bean"? Don't take it so literally. You'll notice none of these tips tell you to flick your tongue against her love button at the speed of light, because that move, while sadly quite popular,

Using your tongue to **spell out the ABCs is a good trick to help with "pussy calibration,"** but once you know what your lady likes, you should move on.





is shit. Your mouth is not a vibrator, and you're just going to wear yourself out, so just retire this move and write it on your list of "ways porn is wrong." Instead of flicking, you should concentrate on licking. Trace a slow line up between her pussy lips, right up to her clit. When your tongue hits that peak, roughly slide it up and over, then start again. Leave some time between strokes, and try not to confuse "rough" with "hard, unyielding tongue." Get animalistic and lap her up, but don't spend too much time slobbering on her. Alternate wide, wet strokes with more precise ones.

HANDS AND MOUTH

Many women find it easier to come when they have something to hold on to: In this case, you're going to want to add some penetration. You don't want to try to go too deep, since most of the more sensitive nerve endings are near the opening of the vagina. Use clean fingers to gently part her pussy lips, and keep doing what you're doing with your mouth as you move your fingers around—it may be interesting to stop and look, but you don't want to break your rhythm.

When you use your hands, try not to think about "penetrating" her in the traditional sense: Your fingers are not a penis, and it's unlikely that simple in-and-out movements will give her the kind of sensation she needs to get

off. Instead, try a few different moves to see what she likes:

Small Movements

You may have better luck not moving much at all. Pussies are sensitive, and sometimes all she wants is something to hold on to while you're rocking her world. Start by gently inserting a finger into her vagina. Stroke inside her gently while she gets used to your fingers. She may even grind against you or move so your fingers slide in and out. In this case, shift to make her motions easier, then continue what you're doing. Use your fingers to push against the insides of her pussy. Don't poke, and don't be too rough, just push gently. Pause and let her push back at you with her muscles, then you push again, gently. This back-and-forth can be really useful if your partner feels disconnected during oral sex—a concern that is common among some women.

G Spot

This is a must-see location on your holiday down south! There really is no mystery to the G spot: It's a bundle of nerve endings just inside the vagina (on the front wall, kind of like on the other side of her belly button) that many women like played with during sexy times. This erogenous zone is different for everyone, a clear illustration of the phrase "different strokes for different folks." The G

spot is most likely part of a kind of "pleasure system" made up of the clitoris and the other connected nerve endings spread out around her vulva. All the advice says to just stick in a finger and give a little "come hither" wiggle, and this seems to work for lots of people. If you're not having any luck, you may have to spend some time spelunking. As you stroke her G spot, it swells and becomes more sensitive, so if you can't find the magic spot right away, it could get easier as you play around. Contrary to popular belief, though, the G spot is not a magic bullet; it's just an added dimension of pleasure for her. I like it best when the pressure on my G spot is countered with pressure on my clit.

Steady Hand

Cunnilingus shouldn't be all light fairy touches and gentle strokes. Women vary widely in sensitivity, and your partner may be more or less sensitive each time you tango: If you head south and her legs snap shut, she might be feeling too sensitive. You can still rock her world; you just have to have a steady hand and a quick tongue. Start with some massage foreplay: Use strong, consistent strokes, leaving your hands on her body as long as possible as you rub her down. Remember that massage increases blood flow, so spend more time around her breasts, her ass, and working up her legs to her pussy—but leave that alone for a bit. Wait for her to start responding to your handiwork before diving in, and when you do, keep your steady touch. Touch her with more of your hand: Use your palm when you can, or where you'd usually use a fingertip, use the flat pads of your pointer and middle fingers. When you head to her clit, stroke it indirectly. Put your whole hand over her clit and rub in slow circles. Pause every now and then and just press gently, and let her grind against you. When you add oral, move in the same way: slowly, while letting her know where you're going to touch next. Keep your mouth on her for longer than necessary, and touch her deliberately. Let her move against you and follow her lead while keeping up your steady, strong strokes. 



Excerpted from *Fifty Shades of Oral Pleasure*, by Marisa Bennett. Reprinted by permission of Skyhorse Publishing, Inc.




SWISS miss

Twenty-four-year-old Nova Lane traveled from her hometown near Geneva, Switzerland, to the Bahamas for this photo shoot, and the 35-25-36 knockout enjoyed every minute of it. "I don't usually do erotic photography," she tells us, "but when I heard the shoot was for *Penthouse*, I was in."

Photographs by Emmanuel Fouquet



A full-page photograph of a woman posing nude in the ocean. She is leaning forward, with her hands resting on the sand and shallow water. She has dark, wet hair and is wearing a large, colorful beaded necklace and large gold hoop earrings. The background shows the ocean waves and a cloudy sky.

"We were in the Bahamas with two other girls, and we were naked all day, with no other people around. It was paradise!"





"When I'm totally nude, I feel free. I love that. Being able to experience that in such a beautiful place was amazing."



"The most exciting place I've ever made love is on a plane. But you'll just have to guess whether or not it happened on the trip to take these pictures."





"I don't think there's anything better than making love in an unusual place, especially if it's at a time when we could get caught. That excites me!"

SEE MORE OF NOVA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





HOLIDAY GAMING SURVIVAL GUIDE

The annual Armageddon of holiday releases is upon us. Survive the assault with this lineup of worthy titles.

By Crispin Boyer

LOCK AND LOAD

These high-caliber first-person shooters let you get the lead out.



Call of Duty: Ghosts

Activision (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U, PC)

The good guys: U.S. special-forces dudes known as the Ghosts.

The bad guys: The Federation, a South American axis of evil.

The gear: Every gun under the sun, plus rappelling gear and other toys.

The gist: A combat dog named Riley joins a team of straggler soldiers fighting against foreign powers that have knocked the United States off its superpower pedestal. You can send Riley ahead to scout or sic him on enemies while you defend a war-ravaged North America. The single-player campaign is little more than a shooting gallery in canned environments, but the action sequences and set pieces rival Michael Bay's wildest cinematic dreams. The game's makers warn that this installment will pack an emotional wallop, so you might not want to get too attached to your four-legged companion.



Watch Dogs

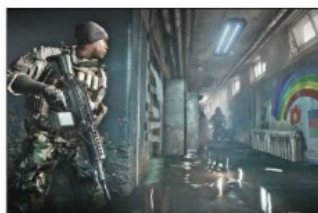
Ubisoft (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U, PC)

The good guy: Aiden Pearce, a hacker vigilante.

The bad guys: Chicago cops, cybercrooks, and a shadowy Big Brother organization.

The gear: Your trusty cellphone; the key to the city's info-infrastructure.

The gist: This marks the start of a new generation of smarter shooters. Instead of wielding assault rifles, the hero uses his smartphone to tap into Chicago's central computer, monitor thousands of security cameras to gain intel on enemies, peep into people's private lives via their laptop cameras, and control traffic lights and bus routes to create diversions (watch out for other players who try to infiltrate your city). Sure, you can still charge into missions with guns blazing, but why resort to brute force when you can turn Chicago's public works into a weapon?



Battlefield 4

Electronic Arts (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, PC)

The good guys: A special-ops team called Tombstone.

The bad guys: Russian and Chinese forces.

The gear: Guns, tanks, jets, jeeps, patrol boats, gunships, boom sticks, and pointy objects.

The gist: Like its rival in modern warfare, *COD: Ghosts*, *BF 4* offers a bombastic single-player campaign heavy on "oh, shit!" moments but light on freedom to play your way. Fear not, soldier—that's what the multiplayer modes are for. Players can enlist in massive 64-player online skirmishes across battlefields that change as the war rages on. Unleash enough heavy artillery to bring down skyscrapers, altering the layout of the battlefield and filling the air with blinding debris. Anyone trapped in doomed buildings can parachute to safety—or just ask the player in command for an airlift.



Killzone: Shadow Fall

Sony (PS4)

The good guy: Lucas Kellen, a "Shadow Marshal" entrusted to keep the peace on planet Vekta.

The bad guys: Helghast and Vektan rabble-rousers trying to start World War IV.

The gear: Classic lead-slinging rifles, energy weapons, and your own combat-drone clone.

The gist: This stunning PS4 launch title, which is set three decades after the last game, opens in a futuristic city divided by two rival factions living on either side of a massive wall. It's Kellen's job to preserve the delicate peace, even if that means resorting to spy skullduggery or just blasting every troublemaker in sight with the series' famously fun weaponry. New to the mix: a combat drone that acts as his double, adding a new layer of strategy to the run-and-gun gameplay and massive multiplayer battles.

HARDWARE WARS

The new consoles are coming! The new consoles are coming! We've got the info you need to pick which one is best for you.



Xbox One

Microsoft • \$500

Strengths: Kinect motion sensor included with every system; cool voice- and gesture-activated interface.

Weaknesses: Higher price; perceived focus on multimedia over games. Hot exclusives: *Forza Motorsport 5*, *Killer Instinct*, next year's *Halo* title, and the mech shooter *Titanfall*.

Intel report: Microsoft made some missteps when it unveiled the Xbox One earlier in the year (original plans called for a mandatory internet connection and restrictions on used and rental games), leaving outraged Xbox 360 devotees vowing to skip the "Xbone," as they dubbed it, in favor of Sony's PlayStation 4. Microsoft quickly nixed the console's unpopular "features," proving that the Redmond giant listens to its core audience.

Compared to the PS4, the Xbox One promises a stronger lineup of exclusives, and the inclusion of the motion-sensing Kinect in every system ensures that developers will support it. In the zombie-apocalypse adventure *Dead Rising 3*, for instance, the Kinect detects noises inside your living room and sends zombies swarming at your player if you make a ruckus. Support for Microsoft's SmartGlass technology turns your phone or tablet into a secondary controller in many games (it works as a mission checklist in *Dead Rising 3*). You can also use gestures and make voice commands to your system, telling it to turn on, change the channel, etc.—a feature that has some gamers complaining that Microsoft is catering more to media consumers than to hard-core gamers. The system's ultra-responsive controller—built to the standards of competitive gamers—proves otherwise.



PlayStation 4

Sony • \$400

Strengths: Undercuts competition by \$100; boasts nifty features on its controller.

Weaknesses: Weaker exclusives; camera sold separately for \$60.

Hot exclusives: *Killzone: Shadow Fall*, *#DriveClub*.

Intel report: When Microsoft dropped the ball at the unveiling of its "Xbone," Sony scooped it up and ran with it, promising a PlayStation 4 that was slightly mightier, completely open to used titles and rentals, and more focused on games than the competition. Although it lacks the built-in camera of the Xbox One, the PlayStation 4 sells for a good deal less and comes with a joystick loaded with nifty features. Aside from an enhanced motion sensor, the DualShock 4 controller has a touchpad for interacting with games in ways that haven't even been figured out yet. A share button near the index finger lets players broadcast the last few minutes of gameplay to buddies for bragging rights.

When it comes to games, Sony is creating a friendly environment for indie developers to market smaller, quirkier titles on the PlayStation network. And while the PlayStation 4 doesn't have a franchise as mighty as Microsoft's *Halo*, it does have exclusive support from Naughty Dog, the studio behind the excellent *Uncharted* and *The Last of Us* titles. We can't wait to see what those developers come up with on more powerful hardware.

This is the land of the free, so naturally there are additional gaming options, some of which you've probably never heard of. Turn the page for more info.



MVP: Most Valuable Plaything

Bloody Ultra Core3 gaming mouse

A4Tech • \$40

Level the playing field in online PC games with this lightweight mouse designed for cyber-athletes. An included app compensates for the natural drift and artificial recoil of most in-game weaponry. The software comes with an "armory" of presets for load-outs in popular shooters, so you can just select your game and start blasting. Sure, turning on the mouse's assist modes is technically cheating, but chances are your online opponents are using similar performance-boosting tricks. The \$40 price is a steal compared to similar gaming gear (just be prepared to decipher some fresh-off-the-boat documentation).



[holiday videogame preview]



The Other Systems

It's not all about the big two.



Ouya

Ouya • \$100

The Android-powered Ouya (say it "oooyeah") comes with a touchpad-equipped joypad and one nifty gimmick: You can try every game in its online-only catalog before you buy. Just don't expect PS4-caliber graphics. The Ouya is best for cheap little indie-developed diversions and running emulators of your favorite old-school systems.



Blade Pro

Razer • \$2,300 and up

In the midst of all the hubbub over the next-generation systems, PC gaming would like to say "hi." This pricey 17.3-inch laptop with power-house specs and a novel secondary-touch display is as close as you'll get to a flagship system for PC gaming. It will run any release you throw at it at the highest settings.



Shield

Nvidia • \$299

Powered by Nvidia's punchy Tegra 4 graphics processor and equipped with its own 360-like joypad, the Shield is built for on-the-go gamers tired of the wimpier performance of smart-phones. It can run fairly high-end Android and (soon) PC games on its fold-up five-inch 720p multi-touch display.

ADVENTURE QUENCHERS

Expand your horizons in games that demand more than good aim.



Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag

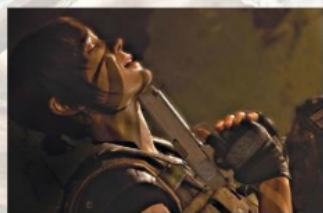
Ubisoft (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U, PC)

The good guy: British privateer Edward Kenway.

The bad guys: Spanish and French ships and sailors.

The gear: Cutlasses, pistols, cannons, and grappling hooks.

The gist: Prowl the Caribbean in your upgradeable square-rigged warship. While *AC III* only dipped its toe into high-seas combat, this jumps in with both peg legs, letting you battle and board any vessel you find at sea. Take prizes and build your fleet until you become the pirate king of Nassau. Explore tropical islands and dig up buried treasure. Recruit new crew members in rum-soaked taverns or from prizes taken at sea, then set sail hunting for plunder and assassination targets—even whales!



Beyond: Two Souls

Sony (PS3)

The good guy: Actually, it's a girl: Jodie Holmes, a young woman with supernatural powers.

The bad guy: Tough to say. The plot has been shrouded in secrecy.

The gear: Pistols and gadgets to complement Holmes's powers.

The gist: Billed as a "psychological action thriller," this packs the production values of a Hollywood flick—and not just because actress Ellen Page plays the heroine (joined by Willem Dafoe as a government scientist who studies her powers). Page's character has a psychic link with a mysterious entity known as Aiden. The game flashes backward and forward through 15 years of her life, as she comes to grip with her powers, is turned into a weapon by the CIA, and perhaps even discovers what lies beyond the veil of death.



Dead Rising 3

Microsoft (Xbox One)

The good guy: Nick Ramos, a tattooed mechanic.

The bad guys: Hordes of the recently deceased.

The gear: Guns, power tools, shower-heads—a veritable Home Depot's worth of weaponry.

The gist: This more lighthearted take on a zombie apocalypse drops your hero into an open world filled with the undead and all the equipment necessary to deal with them. Combine power tools (table saws, drills, etc.) with household objects (showerheads, skateboards, and more) to create custom brain-bashing weapons. Or zoom around in your auto and turn the undead into speed bumps. And unlike previous entries, there's no maddening time limit. This Xbox One exclusive also takes advantage of the system's unique capabilities.



Wasteland 2

InXile Entertainment (Mac, PC)

The good guys: Ex-soldiers out to help survivors, post-apocalypse.

The bad guys: Irradiated mutants, giant insects, and other horrors of the nuclear winter.

The gear: Bladed weapons, Uzis, mini guns, lasers, particle beams.

The gist: If you were a fan of the groundbreaking postapocalyptic roleplaying game *Wasteland* in the 1980s, then thank the crowd-funding site Kickstarter—and *Wasteland* nuts like you—for this much-anticipated sequel. The original game's producer got more than twice the amount he requested. The result: A game that offers all the deep strategy, top-down presentation, and post-apocalyptic humor of the original, except with modern graphics that bring to life the dusty landscape of a nuked-out North America.

COUPLES THERAPY

Your girlfriend will want to fondle your joypad with these chick-friendly games.



Lego Marvel Super Heroes

Warner Bros. Interactive (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U, PC, PS Vita, Nintendo 3DS)

The good guys: The Avengers, the X-Men, the Fantastic Four, Spider-Man, and everybody else from the Marvel Comics universe.

The bad guy: Galactus, destroyer of worlds.

The gear: Spidey's web shooters, Captain America's shield, Iron Man's armor, Thor's hammer, etc.

The gist: Like all adventure games bearing the Lego name, *Marvel Super Heroes* has character—more than 150 heroes and villains from the Marvel universe (even Howard the Duck and a mutantized Stan Lee). You and your girl pick your two-hero team and scour a Lego-ized New York City for cosmic bricks. The gameplay is breezy fun, with simple puzzles and lots of superpowered pummeling as you unlock new characters for repeat play-throughs. Score points with your girl by swinging to her rescue in cooperative play, but don't be surprised when she saves your spandexed butt just as often.



Just Dance 2014

Ubisoft (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U)

The good guy: You, for convulsing through One Direction tunes for the sake of your lady.

The bad guys: Douche-bag dude dancers who hit on your girlfriend in the new online modes.

The gear: Motion-sensing gear (the Xbox's Kinect, PS3's EyeToy, etc.) is required to play.

The gist: Booting up a virtual dance-off might seem like a bitter pill to swallow if you'd rather play *Call of Duty* than "Call Me Maybe," but this is more than just a gateway game for your girlfriend. The online mode will trigger your competitive instinct when you groove against up to six friends or random strangers. The tune list has more than 40 tracks, from *Billboard* hits to dance-party standards in every genre.



Wii Fit U

Nintendo (Wii U)

The good guys: "Mii" avatars modeled after you and your lady friend.

The bad guys: Midnight munchies, all-carb diets, and other fonts of flab.

The gear: The game comes with a "Fit Meter," a small device that tracks daily activity.

The gist: You'll see no shortage of benefits when you boot up *Wii U*. For starters, you can ogle your girlfriend while she teeters on the *Wii Balance Board* and bounces through fitness challenges in her yoga pants. You can get in on the action, too, shedding some of that beer-battered flab in more than 20 new fitness-boosting mini games (the yoga and strength exercises of previous *Wii Fit* games return). The only downside: You'll have to fight with your significant other over who gets to wield the included *Fit Meter* to track steps taken, stairs climbed, and other stats when you're away from your *Wii U*.



MVP: Most Valuable Plaything

Arcadia iPhone arcade adapter

Zeon • \$25

Your iPhone or iPod Touch is more than mighty enough to re-create every arcade game since *Pong*, but maybe those touch-screen controls just don't push your buttons. The Arcadia case turns your smartphone into a bona fide itty-bitty arcade cabinet, complete with a joystick. Just download the app, slide your phone into the back of the cabinet, and download the compatible old-school games. The case works with the iPhone 3GS, 4, and 5 or iPod Touch 3 and newer, and it doesn't require any batteries or a Bluetooth connection. Just hunch over the Arcadia cabinet and play old-school classics like it's 1989.



JOCK STARS

Unleash your armchair athlete with hard-hitting sports games.



FIFA 14

EA Sports (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, Wii, PC)

The good guy: You, the perfect striker.

The bad guys: Online opponents who think they have bigger balls than David Beckham.

The gear: Official uniforms, player decals, and all the balls of the FIFA clubs.

The gist: Fast and surprisingly fun (especially if you have limited experience with the other type of football), *FIFA 14* hits the field with a more fluid and precise control system. You can parlay the realistic momentum of your fielders into fast pivots, foot plants that juke you around the offense, and shots that fly true even if you're rushed or a bit off-kilter. Dribbling, meanwhile, improves as you play, based on the level-up system. A boost in teammate artificial intelligence keeps your compatriots fast on their feet, while improved passing physics let you curl the ball up and around opponents. The Xbox One and PS4 versions pop to life with enhanced stadiums complete with 3-D crowds.



NBA 2K14

2K Sports (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3)

The good guys: Your NBA favorites are all here—plus guys you've never heard of from Euroleague teams.

The bad guys: Chumps who challenge your three-man team in the revamped six-on-six Crew mode.

The gear: Earn virtual currency to bling out your custom player and upgrade his skills.

The gist: The top-selling b-ball simulation returns to the court with more upgrades and play modes than we can list here. New signature skills ("One Man Fastbreak," "Flashy Passer," etc.) add pizzazz to gameplay already enhanced by last year's Pro Stick moves, which no longer need a modifier button. Combine that with a Smart Shot Button that lets newbies chuck the best lob in any circumstance, and this installment is more accessible overall. Fear not, series veterans: Massive improvements to defensive artificial intelligence keep the game from becoming a three-pointer turkey shoot or a perpetual dunkfest. Cover athlete LeBron James, meanwhile, lent more than his likeness: He picked all the tunes and lets you play through his entire career.



Madden NFL 25

EA Sports (Xbox One, PS4)

The good guys: Your NFL team of choice (or its sugar daddy, if you choose to manage your team in the Owner Mode).

The bad guys: Sore-loser players who quit playing online when they realize you're dominating.

The gear: Official uniforms, helmet visors, and even the tattoos of every NFL player.

The gist: Good news if you missed out on *Madden NFL 25* when it launched back in August. The game is coming out as an enhanced edition on the new consoles. (Your saves from the current-generation versions transfer over if you already played them.) This packs all the upgrades that EA Sports loaded into the 25th installment of the powerhouse pigskin series, including a vastly enhanced running game that lets you chain stiff arms, juke spins, and other offense moves into lineman-killing combos. But you'll probably buy the next-gen version for its pumped-up presentation. Stadiums and players are rendered down to blades of grass and beard stubble. Living room lookie-loos will think you're watching a real game rather than just playing a virtual one.



SPEED DEMONS

Burn virtual rubber in high-octane racing games.



Need for Speed: Rivals

Electronic Arts (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, PC)

The good guys: Cops in hot pursuit of reckless racers.

The bad guys: Reckless racers evading cops (you can play on either side of the law).

The gear: Erotic autos from Ferrari, Aston Martin, and more.

The gist: Your throttle isn't the only thing wide-open in this sprawling racing game. The entire city is one big track, packed with events and stunt challenges that grant Speed Points, which you can spend on new cars and equipment. Or you can play as a cop to chase after and bust the speed demons, climbing through the officer ranks with each takedown. The new "AllDrive" feature blurs the line between single and multiplayer modes. Friends can drop in and out of your world at a moment's notice, so expect some paranoia to make you peek in your rearview mirror.



#DRIVECLUB

Sony (PS4)

The good guys: Your team of ace drivers.

The bad guys: Rival teams that attempt to tarnish your club's street cred.

The gear: Real-world autos and a garage full of customization tools.

The gist: The hashtag in the title of this PS4 launch game is no typo. It's being billed as the first-of-its-kind social-racing game, and it encourages players to buddy up with like-minded racers and compete for the greater good of their club. Although you can hit the road solo, you'll earn more in-game currency and fame by cooperating with your team in relay races against up to 12 other players, beating records, showing off precision-driving skills, and creating challenges for teammates. Races take place on freeways, city streets, and winding mountain roads across the globe, and a smartphone app keeps tabs on your team when you have to step away from your PS4.



Forza Motorsport 5

Microsoft (Xbox One)

The good guy: You, the car fetishist.

The bad guy: You again (or your digital clone—see below).

The gear: Performance autos from every country and era, including Formula 1 cars.


The gist: What we have here is car porn, pure and simple. This launch title for Microsoft's Xbox One roars to life in photo-realistic 1080p graphics that whiz by at an ultrasmooth 60 frames per second. Each of the real-world autos is lovingly detailed right down to its customizable decals and Turtle Wax paint job. The game has brains as well as beauty. As you play, it analyzes your racing style and creates a replica of your driver called a "drivatar" (*groan*). This clone is uploaded to the cloud and appears as an opponent in your friends' games. You can even challenge your own drivatar, giving new meaning to the term "autoerotica."



MVP: Most Valuable Plaything

HD PVR 2 Gaming Edition Plus

Hauppauge • \$179

Cash in your gaming skills for some D-level celebrity with this tiny box that records your greatest cyber feats for YouTube posterity. It connects via HDMI or component cables to your Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, or PC, and records 1080p video of your gameplay—along with the surround-sound audio and even headset chatter—to any PC hard drive. Upload videos to your social-media site of choice, or live-stream it using the included apps (a feature similar to the PlayStation 4's video sharing). A shiny button right on the box lets you trigger recordings without fussing on your PC keyboard, but you can also record your entire session and trim it down later with the included editing software. 



HE'S GOT GAME

Being a geek is a good thing for this game boy—a very good thing.

As told to Ronnie Koenig

When I tell people I'm a videogame tester, they always say that I have every adolescent boy's dream job. But there's more to quality-assurance testing than just playing games. I've even had some crazy sex-on-the-job experiences that have surpassed my fantasies—and I have a pretty out-there fantasy life!

The first thing I should say is, yes, I am a geek. Getting girls has never been much of a problem, though, and not just gamer girls, but certified hotties. I think it has to do with the fact that I own my nerdiness and treat every woman I meet like gold.

When I got hired for my first QA job, my boss was this sexy forty-

something, a very serious type. She was incredibly demanding, and when we missed bugs in the games, she would go ballistic. She always wore very short skirts and had great legs, and had long blonde hair that she would twist up in a bun, but I didn't even allow myself to think of her as spunk-bank material because she

was kind of scary. Then one day I was working late—it was crunch time on a new game—and she came over to check on me. She stood behind me as I was playing and started rubbing my shoulders. I could tell this was an opening, so I pulled her toward me to kiss her. But she wasn't looking to make out.

"You look really stressed," she said. "Why don't you let me help you with that?" She bent down and opened my jeans. I wasn't about to stop her. She kind of went crazy on me, jerking me off and being really aggressive about it. I had never seen or experienced anything like it before. She was like a wild woman, hell-bent on taking the come right out of me.

From that day on, we never said a word about what happened, but from time to time she would text me pictures of herself, very carefully leaving out her face. I would get a shot of her small but perky tits—and one particularly interesting picture of her doing something extremely naughty with an old-school joystick—and I knew it was her way of saying, "Come into my office." It didn't matter if it was after-hours or right in the middle of the day—when she texted I came, and then I came. The other guys knew what was going on and were



constantly asking me for details, but I just left it to their imaginations.

At my next job there was this really cool chick—let's call her Kim—working as a tester. She and I would hang out at work together for ten-hour days, and sometimes keep playing afterward. She was a typical gamer girl: smart, introverted, with a great sense of humor and absolutely no fashion sense. I could tell that there was a great body underneath the oversize shirts she always wore, but if I ever paid her a compliment, she laughed it off.

One night I was part of a team Kim was leading on a raid in *World of Warcraft*, and I saw her in a whole new way. She was powerful, malicious, and ... hot! As soon as I could get her alone in the break room the next day, I kissed her. She responded eagerly and led me into the women's bathroom, which we both knew would be empty. Once we were locked inside, I stopped kissing her long enough to pull off her shirt and bra so I could get my hands on the most perfect pair of extra-large D-cups. I knew she was stacked!


For someone who was very reserved at work, she got really wild when I sat her up on the sink facing me. Our clothing came off quickly because I just had to get inside her.

Kim later told me that it was the first time she'd had sex in months, but in the moment all I could focus on was how wet she'd gotten for me. She came multiple times with me inside her, and when I was about to let go, she pulled me out in time to get down on her knees with her mouth wide-open, ready and willing to swallow every last drop. We quickly pulled ourselves together and went back to our stations with no one the wiser.

Kim and I dated for about a year, but we broke up around the time of a local annual gamer convention. I bounced back by checking out the women in sexy costumes from their favorite games. There was one girl dressed as Cammy from *Street Fighter*. She had on the signature red beret and the tight green bodysuit, which was so small and transparent that her nipples were in full view. She came over to talk to me and I invited her to meet up with a group

for drinks later that night.

"Cammy" came to the bar in costume and got many stares from every man in the place, but the two of us didn't stay long. Back at my apartment, she got on all fours and asked me to fuck her while she was wearing her costume—which for some reason was even sexier than being with her naked. I will never forget pulling that leotard to the side to reveal a juicy, shaved pussy that I ravaged with pleasure.

The next morning she took a good look at my apartment—a total post-breakup bachelor pad with video games and pizza boxes everywhere—and said good-bye so fast I couldn't even ask for her number. That's okay, though, because my new girlfriend is totally cool with my lifestyle. She's a gamer, too. She's funny, she kicks my ass at *NBA 2K13*, and she's an absolute animal in bed—basically everything I could want in a woman. 

She bent down and opened my jeans. I wasn't about to stop her. She kind of went crazy on me, jerking me off and being really aggressive about it. She was like a wild woman, hell-bent on taking the come right out of me.

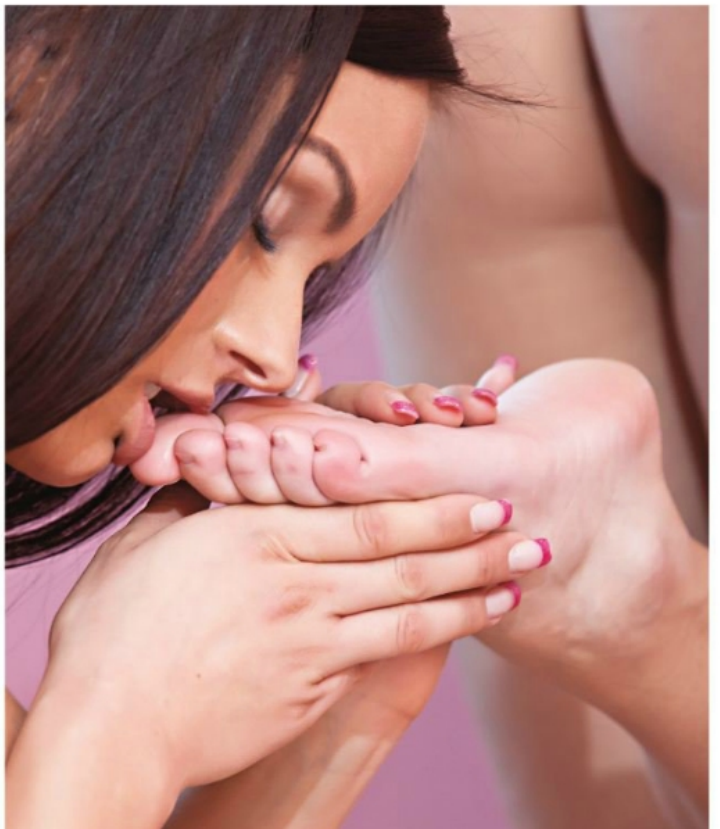


the pink ladies

When Jesse and Kari get together, they share everything: toys, touches, tongues ... the list goes on. Thank your lucky stars that they're also willing to share their sexcapades with us.

Photographs by Davide Esposito



















All Dolled Up

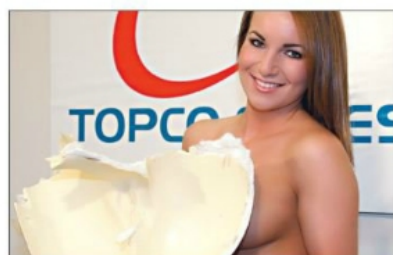
Taking home a Penthouse Pet has never been so easy.

When it comes to fantasy women, not many can compare to Penthouse Pets. Now, thanks to the CyberSkin Reality Girls, you can have your way with three of our lusted-after ladies: 2013 Pet of the Year Nicole Aniston, 2012 Pet of the Year Jenna Rose, and January 2013 Pet of the Month Marica Hase.

These state-of-the-art sex dolls are made with CyberSkin-coated IsoFoam, which gives your faux fuck buddy the weight and stability needed for powerful penetration, as well as soft and supple skin, so you feel as if you're skin-to-skin with a sexy lady. Once you've slipped inside, you'll notice other arousing elements, whether it's her ribbed throat or her textured pussy and ass. And there's more to these erotic delights. For an even more lifelike experience, each doll comes with two warming wands that heat up your Reality Girl in mere minutes, and a six-function, six-speed vibrating bullet, which will enhance your experience and—dare we say it?—turn her into the fuck toy of every man's dreams.

In addition to their awesome functionality, the Penthouse Reality Girls stand out for their unique poses. They come in either doggie or froggy position, so you don't have to settle for the standard missionary pose of other sex dolls. Thanks to these tantalizing positions, you can smack their ample asses or fondle their full breasts while doing the deed. You can even pull their silky tresses, as their realistic hair is long, lush, and ready to be wrapped around your fingers.

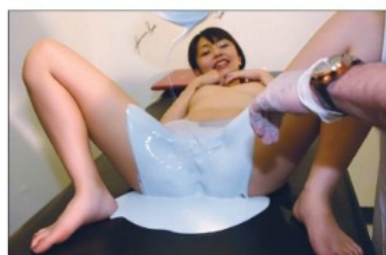
If you want to know what it's like to bed a Penthouse Pet, fulfill your nastiest fantasies with a Penthouse Reality Girl. For more information, visit PenthouseStore.com.



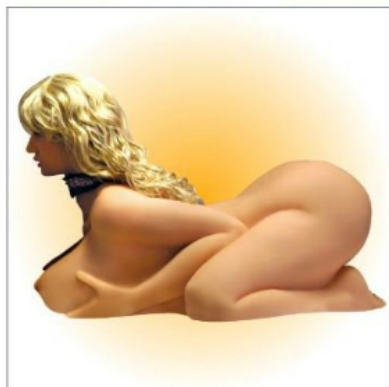
JENNA ROSE



NICOLE ANISTON



MARICA HASE





THE SHED

By Sherry Anne Sullivan • Illustrations by Michael Dee

A sex-starved woman gets the hookup of her dreams when a peace officer with a penchant for handcuffs offers to assist her.

It was 69 degrees out in the middle of December, and I decided to take my mountain bike out for a ride around the neighborhood. Normally, I like to run at least a mile so I can keep fitting into my size-four jeans, but it was Saturday and I wanted to see more of my new neighborhood.

Almost everyone outside was dressed in T-shirts and shorts, trimming hedges, walking their dogs, or putting up Christmas lights, which seemed weird without any snow in sight. I'd moved to Florida from Vermont, and I still couldn't believe I was wearing a tank top, cutoff jeans, and flip-flops in the winter.

I was nearly home when I spotted my incredibly good-looking neighbor washing his police cruiser in his driveway. He was shirtless, and I could clearly see his well-defined chest and arms, with just a hint of chest hair that matched the dark locks covering his eyes. His jeans were faded and rode low on his hips, so I could see the top of the defined V that disappeared below the waist. My panties grew wet as I thought of what was hidden behind his zipper.

Unfortunately, while I was getting an eyeful of my sexy neighbor, I wasn't watching the road and I plunged my bike right into a ditch. My feet, not secured in flip-flops, went flying off the pedals. Already off balance with my naturally well-endowed chest, my body was propelled forward over the handlebars and I found myself free-

falling, with barely enough time to avoid hitting my face.

"Are you all right?"

With one bike tire now resting across my chest, I looked up at the shirtless officer kneeling beside me. My face must have been three shades of red as I tried to save what little dignity I had left and push the bike off me.

"Wait just a sec," he said, taking the bike tire from my grasp and removing it from my chest. "I was an EMT, so let me check you out before you stand up. You could have broken something."

"Just my pride," I mumbled. I'd seen this good-looking cop at least a dozen times since moving in, but never this close. Just as I'd hoped, his features were as perfect up close as they'd looked from afar. If this guy had ever pulled me over for speeding, it would've been worth the ticket.

"Really, I'm fine," I said. "I just took a little fall."

"Let me check a few things first," he insisted. "Better safe than sorry. My name is Scott, by the way."

The EMT turned cop touched my ankles, squeezing his hands gently over my joints, then did the same with my wrists. When his hands moved back to my legs, every hair on my body stood on end. Normally, I would have shoved him aside and stood up by myself, but my body was completely under his spell as his rugged hands continued to massage

the sensitive flesh around my knees. My panties were already moist from watching him work bare-chested, and I felt my juices flowing again, completely saturating them as his strong fingers inched further upward along my thighs toward my crotch. It had been months since a man had touched me, let alone someone as seductive as this officer. If we hadn't been out in the open, I might have pushed his fingers deep into my pussy so he could feel just how much he was turning me on.

As I imagined him fingering my dripping pussy, Scott said, "I think you'll live another day," and gave me a wink. Then, taking my hand, he helped me up off the ground and onto my feet with little effort.

"Really," I said, dusting myself off, "I'm perfectly fine." But when I tried to push my bike, I noticed the front tire was flat and the chain had fallen off. "Not sure if I can say the same about my bike."

"Here," Scott said, taking the handlebars from me. "I've got some tools in my shed that can fix this. Why don't you come over for a drink and I'll get you back on the road."

Again, I found myself doing something I normally wouldn't do. "Sure," I mumbled, "I could go for a drink right about now."

I followed Scott into his home. I figured since he was an officer of the law, plus a neighbor, there was no harm in having one drink.

I felt safe being alone in his house, which was pretty much the same layout as mine—three bedrooms, two baths, the kitchen toward the front, and the family room in the rear. Only his kitchen cabinets were lined with beer bottles from around the world, while mine had plants. The giant-screen TV, the men's magazines on the coffee table, and the neon light above the fireplace screamed single guy with no kids and, for that, I was grateful. For six months, I'd been so busy with packing, moving, and then unpacking that I hadn't been alone with a single man for at least that long. Tack on another three months since having sex with a real cock, instead of one that needs four AA batteries to function, and that constituted a really long time to go without having sex.

"Would you like a beer?" he asked. Then he added, "I also make an awesome Mojito," while bending over to peer into the refrigerator. Of



course, I couldn't help but stare at his amazing ass.

"Oh, my God," I said, and then realized I'd just said that out loud. "I love Mojitos," I quickly added.

"Why don't you take a seat out by the pool," he said, wetting a kitchen towel and handing it to me for my cuts. "I'll be right out with your drink and some bandages for your hands."

"Sure," I smiled. "I can do that."

Five minutes later, Scott brought out a pitcher of Mojitos, along with bandages and antiseptic. It was the strongest Mojito I'd ever tasted, and it sure vanquished the stinging sensation of the cuts and abrasions as he carefully tended to my scrapes.

As he dabbed at the wounds with the antiseptic, I caught him looking into my eyes more than a few times. My intuition told me that he wanted to kiss me, but he finished bandaging my cuts without making a move. I began to wonder if I'd just finish my drink, thank Scott, and go home to my faithful vibrator again.

"Why don't you stay for some dinner?" he suddenly asked. "I was just about to put some sausage and steak on the grill, and it will be nice to have someone to share it with."

I looked into his eyes and thought, *Good-looking, masculine, and sweet*. At that moment, there wasn't anything I wanted more than this man's sausage. Perhaps I'd get the real thing after all.

"Absolutely," I said with a seductive smile, before taking another sip of Mojito. *And I have a great idea of what would taste perfect for dessert.*

Conversation flowed easily while we ate, and I felt like I'd known Scott for years. I found myself breathing a little heavier as I flashed back to his strong hands touching my thighs, and wondered if he didn't make the first move, would I have the guts to do it? Another Mojito, and I just might.

"Aren't you hungry?" he asked, noticing I'd left half the steak and most of the sausage on my plate.

I smirked, thinking, *If Scott only knew how hungry I was for his body*. The moment I'd seen his washboard abs, I'd wanted to run my mouth down his chest, unzip his jeans, put his hard cock between my full lips, and suck it until his jizz ran down my chin.

"I know what I could use right about now," Scott said, smirking back at me. "A body shot of tequila."

I almost choked on my steak. A body shot? Being a naive bookworm

in college, I'd never done any of the crazy, frat-party things most students experience. I had some idea of what a body shot entailed, but I'd never done it personally.

"I don't know," I said, wondering if I was up to the challenge.

"Oh, come on," he teased. "It's really easy." And before I knew it, he'd gone back inside to get a bottle of tequila and some lime wedges and was directing me to lie down on the lounge chair. "I'm going to lift up your shirt and pour some tequila in your belly button. Hold this lime in your mouth while I suck up the tequila, then I'll take the lime from your lips."

Scott had a firm grip on my shoulder, pressing me down gently. He raised my tank top up to just under my breasts, but without that hand on my shoulder, I would have jumped off the chair as he poured the cold tequila into my navel.

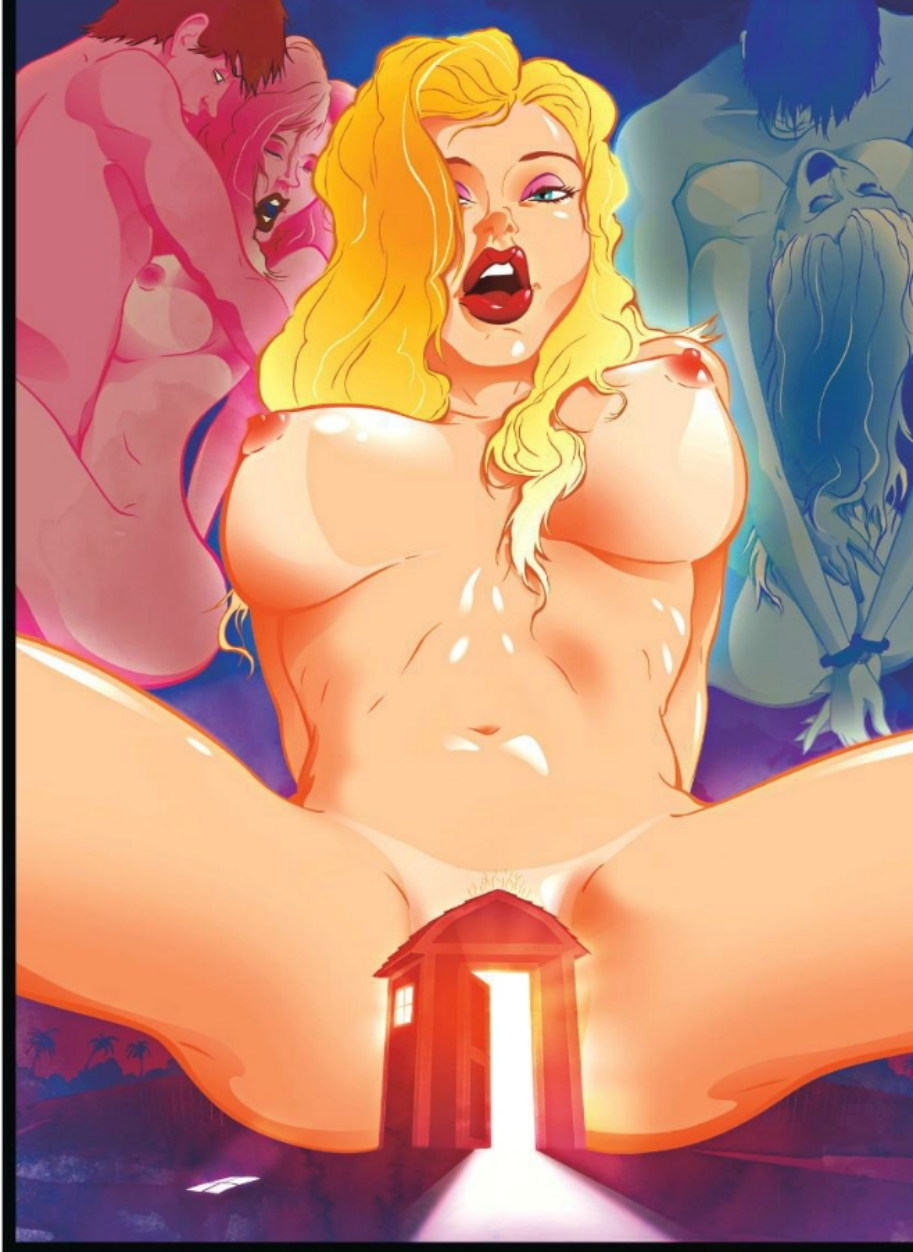
My nipples turned rock-hard as Scott's tongue and lips collided with my goose-pimpled flesh, running his

mouth down my stomach and then quickly sucking all the liquor from my belly. Instantly, I began imagining his agile tongue licking my swollen clit over and over again. Our lips were a fraction of an inch from each other as he leaned over me, taking the lime slice with his perfect teeth. I swear, I might have come if his hands had been on my breasts instead of my shoulders, just from that image of his mouth devouring my pussy running through my mind.

This is it, I thought. I was so excited and turned-on at that moment. Scott had made his intentions clear, and our next stop, I had no doubt, would be his bedroom. I was going to see and hopefully experience what was behind those sexy jeans of his. If his skillful tongue was any indication, I was in for a wild ride.

So imagine my surprise when Scott said, "What do you say we fix your bike before it gets too late?"

I stared at him blankly as he pulled me up by the hand, snapping me out



of my trance. After that body shot, he was seriously thinking about my bike? My broken bike was the last thing on my mind.

What the hell? I thought, as I followed him through the backyard along a gravel path toward a large, barnlike shed. I was 99 percent positive that Scott wanted me as much as I wanted him.

Scott unlocked the door, which had a sign that read BOMB SHELTER, and we went inside.

To my surprise, the shed wasn't some dirty, dusty storage room, but a very clean and open space with exposed beams, white pine walls, and neatly hung garden equipment. As I watched him shuffle through various tools, I looked up and spotted a pair of handcuffs hanging from a nail. My clit began to swell again as my mind raced with nasty thoughts of this lawman standing before me. If this cop was only going to tease me with his long tongue licking my navel, I was going to have to take matters into my own hands—literally.

"Have you put a lot of bad people in these?" I asked, dangling the cuffs from one finger.

Scott turned around and smiled. "Generally the guilty ones, anyway," he said.

"In that case," I said, snapping the first cuff around my left wrist, and with my left hand closing the other behind my back, "I'm guilty of wanting your cock." I bit my lip, trying not to wince from the pain. I had no idea these pieces of metal could pinch so tightly.

"I think that can be arranged," he said, and unzipped his jeans, dropping them to his ankles along with his boxers. Already semi-hard, his cock reminded me of a patrolman's baton, and I wanted nothing more than to take it into my mouth. Since my hands were secured behind my back, Scott ripped my tank top down the middle, exposing my sheer white-lace bra. Using more restraint with my bra, he pulled the delicate lace below my breasts, then sucked my nipples, giving equal attention to both.

As I moaned in ecstasy, Scott told me to get on my knees, so his now fully erect cock was right before my eager lips. While looking up into his eyes, I opened my mouth wide and took his long tool as deep as I could without gagging. I did this several times, slowly at first, trying to devour as much of his cock as I could, each

time taking him deeper.

I could tell by the way his groans grew in volume and frequency, and the hard, deep thrusts, that it wouldn't be long before I got a load of come in my mouth. I closed my eyes, wanting to swallow every bit of it like the Mojito. But Scott suddenly withdrew and pulled me to my feet.

"I want to fuck your sweet pussy," he growled in my ear.

"Take my shorts off," I said, and felt my cunt throb at the thought of his amazing cock sliding into me. After so many months of being celibate, I was finally going to get the fuck I'd so badly needed.

Within seconds, my cutoffs and panties were down past my ankles and tossed aside. Scott reached behind me and turned a lever on the

WITH MY HANDS
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BEHIND MY BACK,
**HE PLUNGED HIS
COCK IN AND
OUT, OVER AND
OVER, INSIDE MY
DRENCHED PUSSY.**

wall that lowered a board, which was actually a seat. Before I was able to wrap my mind around the idea of this ingenious sex chair, Scott lifted me up and placed my bare ass on it. With my hands still trapped behind my back, he spread my thighs wide and placed the tip of his cock into my slit.

"Wow," he moaned, kissing me on the cheek. "You're so wet, baby." With his hand clasped behind my neck, he pushed his thick cock right in to the hilt. I couldn't help but scream in ecstasy as he plunged his cock in and out, over and over, inside my drenched pussy. The sensation of his slick penis pushing in and out of my swollen labia made me cry out with each stroke. I had to wonder if any of the neighbors could hear my wailing.

They might think he's killing me inside this "bomb shelter," but I couldn't care less if they called 911. The fucking was so good that getting caught would be so worth it.

The seat was the perfect height for him to shove every inch of his dick into me and hit my sweet spot. *What a brilliant man*, I thought, as I started to feel my insides quiver. Suddenly the sensation spread, engulfing my entire body, and I saturated his glistening cock with my juices.

I gasped, surprised that I came so fast. I never come that quickly, especially without oral stimulation. I now understood why Scott led me here instead of the bedroom. This custom-designed seat was way more erotic than some standard mattress. Everyone has done it on a bed, but a chair that comes out of a shed wall? Now that's unique.

Suddenly, Scott's entire body went rigid and he let out an intense moan. With lightning speed, he pulled his thick-veined cock out of my cunt and shot his load all over my tits, covering my nipples with his cream. He stroked his cock a few more times, milking every last drop onto my tits.

After a deep sigh, he stood back to admire his work of art.

"Beautiful," he said, smiling as drops of his come slid off my breasts and coated my bra. "I suppose you'd like me to help you get off there," he said, hoisting me back onto my feet.

As I caught my breath after that intense flood of serotonin, I realized my arms were tingling a little. Time to lose the handcuffs.

"Yeah, you can take these off now," I told him.

"That might be tricky," Scott said.

"What?" I asked, my voice rising slightly. "Why?"

"Well, I had to replace those cuffs because the key got misplaced." Scott shrugged, like it was no big deal. "That's kind of why I left them in here."

"You're fucking kidding me," was all I could say. My first time being wild and adventurous, and I get trapped in real cop handcuffs. I wanted to cry, my fingers were so tingly.

"Yeah," Scott chuckled as he pulled a set of keys from a drawer. "I am."

"Oh, thank God," I gasped. As he turned me around and worked the lock, I noticed a nice long piece of rope lying on the floor. Dirty ideas and images began forming in my head and I smiled as the perfect idea came to me for round two ... in the shed. 



In *This Is the End*, James Franco (top) and Danny McBride (above, with Seth Rogen) have a screaming match about jizzing etiquette.

sticky pages

In the raunchy comedy *This Is the End*, a group of actors at a party at James Franco's house find themselves facing the end of the world. Lucky for them, when they gather survival gear, they find a copy of the May 2005 issue of *Penthouse*. Danny McBride is shown looking at a pictorial on the way into the bathroom (see "Parting Shot" on page 142), and later he and Franco have a lengthy argument about McBride coming all over photos of Pet of the Month Lucie Theodorova. Looking at the images on these pages just might make you want to do the same thing.

Photographs by Mike King/Lobo Press






The 22-year-old had been modeling for a couple of years when she was chosen for Pet of the Month, but never imagined she'd make it into *Penthouse*. She said, "When I was asked to pose nude, I jumped at the chance."





"And I'm so thrilled
with these photos,"
Lucie added. "I can't
wait to do it again."



A full-page photograph of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is wearing a black, off-the-shoulder, long-sleeved lace dress and black high-heeled sandals with thin straps. She is sitting on a red, fringed rug, leaning back on a wooden chair. Her right hand is resting on her right thigh, and she is looking over her shoulder at the camera. The background is a softly lit room with white curtains, a wooden chair, and some dried floral arrangements.

"I'm pretty much a simple girl," she told us. "I'm not really into diamonds and bling-bling jewelry. My one indulgence is shoes. I have a whole closet full."





Lucie also said, "I'm meeting men who are more mature now. And I've realized I have a weakness for slightly older men. They make me feel especially sexy."





SEE MORE OF LUCIE AT PENTHOUSE.COM

Shiny Rubberwear

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXXV: Please Me, Spank Me, by Grand Central Publishing



I remember the moment my fetish became apparent to me. I was in college, and I'd just received the yellow rubber rain slicker and blueberry-colored boots I'd ordered online. I'd initially told myself that I wanted them to keep me dry on the way to class, and because the bright colors would perk me up on even the dreariest of rainy days. The truth of the matter, though, was that I loved rubber. I liked the way the water slid right off its slick surface, and I adored the feel of the rubber brushing against my skin.

A few years later, I discovered latex clothing. The shiny material drew me in instantly, and when I tried on my first latex catsuit, I was in love. The suit fit my body like a glove, and as I walked around in it, it felt like every inch of my body was being caressed by that fantastic, skintight material. I had to have it!

I took the catsuit home and wore it every chance I got. I'd put it on when I was horny and wanted to masturbate, and I'd unzip it all the way so that my hand could squeeze between my body and my new second skin and play with my pussy. I'd wear it before dates to turn myself on. I loved it so much that I'd even wear it while working around the house.

Then one day the worst thing imaginable happened: I found a tear in my beloved outfit. I didn't know how it had happened, but I knew it was fatal—at least for my suit. If I tried to put it on, it would only rip further, and I didn't want to see that happen. The time had come for me to buy some new latex clothing.

The shop I went to was full of latex goodies, and there were at least a half-dozen other people there, looking through the racks. But I was so focused on my search for the perfect latex outfit that it wasn't until I got to



He started fucking me, and as his cock slid in and out, it caused the latex to caress our skin in a whole new way.

the wall of catsuits that I remembered I wasn't alone in the store.

Standing a few feet away from me was a really attractive guy, and when I caught him checking me out, I sauntered over to him and struck up a conversation. His name was Kevin, and he had a latex fetish, same as me. He wasn't into wearing it, though, just seeing other people in it. He'd come to the store hoping to find some fellow latex lovers, and, lucky him, he'd found me.

We chatted more while I shopped, and Kevin even helped me pick out a new catsuit. Then, when I'd made all my purchases and was ready to go home to play dress-up, I invited Kevin along on a whim. The thought of him watching me put on my latex clothing, his hands running over my rubber-encased body, had my pussy dripping wet in seconds, and I couldn't pass up the chance to share my fetish with someone new.

Back at my house, I made Kevin wait in the living room while I ran into the bedroom to put on a latex mini-skirt and corset. The corset hugged my curves in all the right places, and the skirt's hem stopped right beneath my butt cheeks, barely covering me. I spun around as I looked at myself in the mirror and then slipped a hand between my legs, feeling the overwhelming wetness of my pussy. If Kevin didn't get excited when he saw me in this outfit, I'd have to return *him* to the store.

When I walked out again, I wasn't disappointed—and neither was Kevin. His eyes nearly popped out of his

head when he saw me, and as I inched closer, he reached out to touch me. I kept ducking out of the way, teasing him, but when his finger finally grazed me, it was absolute ecstasy. As his hand caressed my body, it rubbed the latex lightly against my skin, arousing me. When I looked down at him, I realized he was having a very similar reaction, as I could see the impressive bulge in his jeans.

I danced around a bit, letting him watch the latex flex and shine, and then I moved closer again. I lifted his cap from his head and threw it behind me before pulling off his shirt. Then I slid into his lap and rubbed my chest against his, letting him feel the latex—and me—in the process.

As I moved against Kevin, my corset pressed against my nipples, creating a sweet friction. The latex squeaked as I slithered against him, and it was the most erotic sound I'd heard in a long time. My pussy was absolutely aching by then, and I knew I had to do something or I'd die.

Kevin seemed to feel the same way I did, and he started moving his hands over my latex-covered body. He traced the lines of my corset first, sending shivers through me as his fingers tickled my ribs and spine. Then his hands dropped lower, to my ass, and he pushed the fine latex of the skirt gently between my cheeks. I shifted in his lap, wanting to get closer to him, and the movement shifted my skirt so that the front of it bunched up between my legs and rubbed against my pussy. The juices that had dribbled out of me already made the friction

against my clit less intense, but it still gave me extreme pleasure.

A moment later, one of Kevin's hands slipped between our bodies to rub my pussy through the latex. The added pressure was heavenly, and with each stroke I got closer and closer to my climax. When his finger brushed the latex against my clit, it sent me over the edge. I shrieked in delight as my body shuddered in ecstasy.

I was starting to come down from my orgasm-induced high, but Kevin wasn't going to give up so easily. He pulled his hand away from my pussy, then stood up and dumped me on the couch. He quickly shed the rest of his clothing and settled back on the sofa before pulling me on top of him again.

As my body rested against his, my rubber outfit pressed against my skin—and his—in the most delicious way. He seemed pleased with the sensation, too, because I felt his dick throbbing against my latex-covered thigh. That feeling didn't last long, however, because the next thing I knew, he'd lifted my skirt and he was rubbing his cockhead against my dripping pussy. Then he started fucking me, and as his cock slid in and out of my pussy, it brushed against the edge of my skirt, causing the latex to caress our skin in a whole new way.

My corset was exerting the perfect amount of pressure on my sensitive nipples, Kevin's hands were rubbing my ass through the back of my skirt, and the latex hem lingering against my pussy while we fucked had me ready to explode. Kevin sensed my pending climax and started thrusting faster, creating more friction between my skin and the luscious latex of my skirt. I felt like I was completely surrounded by rubber, and the sensation drove me over the edge.

I came, shrieking with delight as my pussy spasmed around Kevin's cock. The latex was still brushing against my mound, and it made my orgasm even stronger than I'd hoped it would be. When Kevin came a few seconds later, shooting his load deep inside me, his continuous thrusting ensured that the rubber never lost contact with my pussy. It felt so good that I'd barely finished coming and already I was having another orgasm!

My latex skirt was slippery with sex juice by the time we finished, and I smiled at the prospect of having my new playmate clean and polish the garment. I could tell it was going to be a long, fun night!—K.C., via email

will she?

our
excellence
rests
in
the
details

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FINEST
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[penthouse forum]

Call of Booty

A text message from Chrissy is always good news. She only gets in touch for a booty call, and I'm more than happy to have her come over every time.

An hour later, her car pulled into the driveway. I led her into the bedroom and helped her out of her coat and clothing, leaving her in a red lace bra and thong. I was undressed in no time, and she slowly stroked my hard cock while I bent down to tease her erect nipples with the tip of my tongue before sucking one and then the other.

Chrissy's head fell back and she moaned, forgetting about my cock. I lay her on the bed and pulled off her thong. Then I told her to spread her legs. One glance revealed she was already incredibly wet. I flicked my tongue against her nipples again, and she squirmed, grinding her hips against mine. When I slid two fingers into her juicy snatch, she pumped her hips against my hand, ready for me.

I stood, grabbed her ankles, and pulled her toward the edge of the bed. With my arms wrapped around her legs, I plunged my tongue into her hole, bringing her to her first orgasm of the night. After she caught her breath, I brought my wet fingers to her lips. As she sucked on them, her hands again grabbed my cock.

Chrissy stroked me, telling me to lie down, then sucked me in. I watched her bobbing head as I enjoyed her hot sucking and tongue work, and came in just a few minutes. She swallowed every drop, then kept up her movements on my dick, quickly getting me rock-hard again.

I took over, pushing her back onto the bed, and positioned myself between her legs. I thrust hard and deep. She cried out for me to fuck her harder. I gave it my all, but soon our rhythm picked up and we were straining against each other, our moans intermingled as we both came again.

Afterward, Chrissy made a quick trip to the bathroom, then pulled on her clothes. She never stays long once we've both gotten off. I kissed her good-bye and thanked my lucky stars once more for this incredible arrangement.—A.O., *Oklahoma*

Limo Lust

My girlfriend, Sadie, was on her way back from a business trip, and her flight was supposed to land at four



I grabbed her ankles and pulled her to the edge of the bed. With my arms around her legs, I plunged my tongue into her hole.

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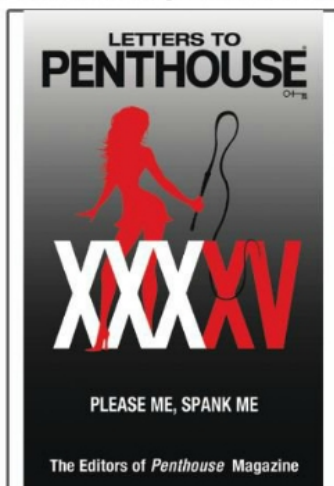
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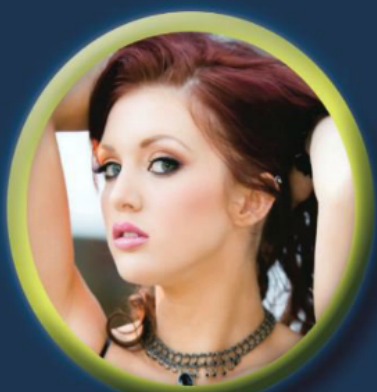
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[penthouse forum]

in the afternoon—on her birthday. She hadn't been able to reschedule her trip and get home earlier, so I had something special planned.

After we'd recently hooked up with a female friend of hers, Sadie said she fantasizes about sucking my cock while another guy fucks her. That was when I decided it would be the perfect birthday present. My buddy Jack was playing limo driver/extra dick, but seeing him would have given Sadie a hint about her surprise, so I went to the baggage-claim area to meet her.

After a quick welcome home, I pulled Sadie to the most secluded corner of the baggage area. She told me about her trip while we waited, my arm around her waist, till suddenly I reached back and spanked her. She gasped, then blushed as I rubbed her cheek to soothe the sting. I told her to tell me more about her trip, caressing her ass and occasionally giving her another hard smack as she did. By the time I'd spanked both cheeks about a dozen times, she was panting, my dick was trying to burst out of my jeans, and her bag was on the carousel. I texted Jack that we were ready and we headed for the exit.

Outside, I steered her toward the waiting limo. I helped her climb in, put her bag in the trunk, and joined her in the backseat, opening the bottle of champagne I'd brought. "Happy birthday, baby," I said. "I hope you're ready for an amazing surprise."

As Jack pulled away from the curb—tinted privacy window closed, lights off, and music on—we kicked off our shoes and sank into the plush seat. In between sips of champagne, we made out like high school kids after the prom. It took about an hour to get to the lakefront cabin I'd rented for the weekend, and by the time Jack

stopped the limo, Sadie's legs were over my shoulders and I was licking and finger-fucking her to orgasm. She was still lying there nude when Jack opened the door.

When she saw him, she laughed and said, "Ooh, I love my surprise already." Glancing at Jack's face as he ogled Sadie's gorgeous body, I could tell he loved it, too.

"Sadie, I need to see if your ass is still red," I said. "When Jack fucks you, I want him looking at my handprints."

Sadie rolled off the seat, onto her hands and knees, and gave both of us a great view of her ass and pussy. Her cheeks were still pink, but you couldn't see the handprints anymore.

"You might have to finish the job," she said, looking over her shoulder. "Do we have any privacy here?"

That's my girl. I told her the next cabin was behind a bunch of trees, so there was nothing to worry about.

"Great," Sadie said with a grin. "Jack, take off your clothes and sit in front of me."

I went to work on Sadie's backside, practically about to come in my pants at the overwhelming visual feast of watching my handprints bloom on Sadie's pink ass, the back of her head bobbing on Jack's dick, and her juices flowing from her swollen pussy lips. Several minutes later, Jack was coming in Sadie's mouth and I was desperate to get off. I stripped and said, "Sadie, let Jack up so we can trade places and get to your fantasy."

Jack and I switched, and I tossed him a rubber. While he rolled it on, he said, "Damn, Phil, your girl has the sexiest ass I've ever seen."

"She does," I agreed. "Maybe she'll let you fuck it later. She likes that." I was looking down at Sadie when I said that, and she caught my eye and just



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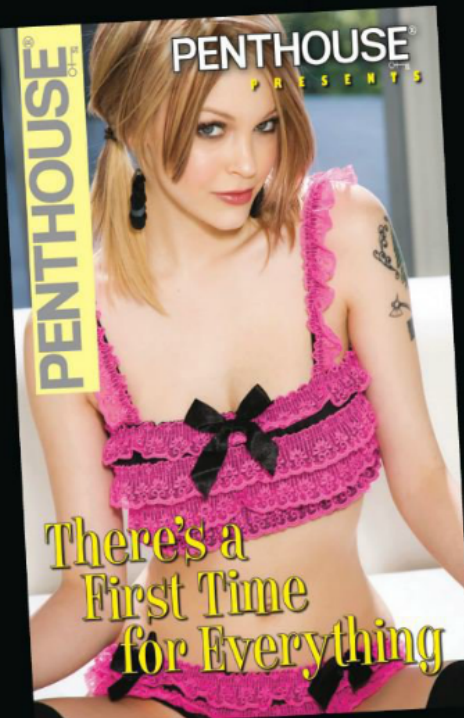
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[penthouse forum]

stared at me. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, baby? Fucking both of us at the same time?"

Sadie blushed, despite how bold she'd been, and nodded. I figured I'd make her say it later, see if we could really bring out her wild side, but at that moment I had a much better use for her mouth. Jack was already rubbing his dick along her pussy, and I wrapped my hands in her hair as she took my cock into her mouth. I guided her head up and down, quickly getting into the same rhythm that Jack was using to thrust into her cunt.

In what felt like almost no time at all, I was unloading in Sadie's mouth. Jack reached down to rub her clit, and I whispered, just the way she likes, "That's it, baby, come for Jack. Let him feel you milk his dick."

Sadie came again, almost screaming, and Jack started pumping into her hard and fast. After a couple of minutes, he came, and it was time to move our party into the cabin. Jack climbed out of the limo, saying he would grab the bags, and I slid out, too, pulling Sadie into my arms. I carried her up to the porch as Jack opened the door, then lay her on the couch. She was practically asleep.

"You hang here for a few minutes," I said, giving her a kiss. "Jack and I have food to grill for dinner, and then we'll each come up with a fantasy we can bring to life this weekend. Get some rest. You're going to need it."

Sadie smiled again, sleepily this time, and curled up on the couch. "Best present ever, Phil. Thank you."

"We're just getting started, baby. We're going to have a lot more fun before we go home." And we did, but that story could fill your whole magazine.—*P.S., Arkansas*

Hell Hath No Fury ...

I was dating a girl named Hope, and our relationship was fine until I met her roommate, Caitlyn.

Caitlyn flirted with me whenever I came over. At first the flirtations were innocent, but they escalated to her brushing against me whenever we passed each other. The most memorable moment was when she answered the door wearing a tank top and a pair of butt-hugging gym shorts. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her erect nipples were visible through the thin fabric. When she kissed me on the cheek, her eraserlike nipples grazed my chest, giving me a hard-on.

I did my best to ignore Caitlyn's advances, but my libido finally took over during Hope's out-of-town trip to see her family. After dropping Hope off at the airport, I drove back to their apartment. Caitlyn wasn't surprised to see me. I closed the door behind me, picked her up, and carried her to the bedroom. Once I put her down, we tongue-wrestled passionately. Then she broke the kiss and fell to her knees, quickly pulling my pants and boxers down around my ankles.

Caitlyn inched closer, guiding my rock-hard dick to her lips. I gripped her shoulders as her tongue teased the head, sending pleasurable sensations throughout my body. She finally took my eight inches into her hot mouth and slowly bobbed her head, building momentum until I pulled her up and helped her out of her clothes.

I pushed her back on the bed and lunged toward the prize between her thighs. I ran my tongue along her lips before concentrating on her clit. Then I plunged my fingers inside her. Caitlyn quivered as I ate her. I worked my tongue even faster, making her writhe in ecstasy.

I moved on top and pushed into her. Our mouths met again, and our bodies rocked to the rhythm of my thrusts. Then she turned to get on her hands and knees. I slid into her from behind and began pumping again. When I told her I was almost ready to come, she turned around to suck me off. When I exploded, she swallowed every drop. She said the sex was so



good that she'd share me with Hope.

The following three months proved interesting as I juggled both girls. I was getting laid at least once a night, and I could get Caitlyn on her knees in seconds by mentioning Hope's name. But things hit a snag when Caitlyn said she had developed feelings for me, and delivered an ultimatum: I had to sever relations with Hope, or Caitlyn would do it for me by telling Hope everything. I called her bluff.

Hope called the next day, sounding angry. She asked if I could come over to talk. I knew the shit had hit the fan. I arrived to find Hope and Caitlyn waiting in the living room. Hope said, "So you thought you could have the best of both worlds? Well, it's our turn now."

The girls went straight for my pants and pulled them off. Hope grabbed my dick and plunged it into her mouth for a couple of strokes, then passed it to Caitlyn, who did the same. Then the girls got up, they each took one of my hands, and turned me toward

the bedrooms. Suddenly, Caitlyn was gone and Hope was pushing me backward toward the door of the apartment. Before I knew what was happening, Hope pushed me out into the hallway and Caitlyn slammed the door closed. I heard the locks click, then Hope yelled, "I'm throwing your clothes out my window! Be glad it's not out onto the street!"

And so my good times came to an end. I guess I should be glad they didn't whip out their phones and take pictures of my naked ass as I grabbed my clothes!—K.R., *West Virginia*

■ Quickie Time

I pulled off my wife's T-shirt and tugged her yoga pants down her legs, along with her panties. My fingers slipped easily between the folds of her pussy and she moaned, muscles clenching around my fingers each time I pulled them out. Janine's eyes



I pushed into Caitlyn, and our bodies rocked to the rhythm of my thrusts.



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were closed, but she was breathing hard and pushing back against my hand, trying to get my fingers deeper inside. She was on the verge of a massive orgasm. All I had to do was circle her clit with my thumb and she came, bucking wildly against my hand.

Then she practically ripped off my boxers and pushed me onto my back. I pulled her toward me for a kiss.

With Janine in my arms, I rolled on top and rammed my cock into her. She moaned into my mouth, wrapped her legs around my waist, and it was on. I slammed into her again and again. When her breathing quickened, I knew she was close. I wasn't far behind.

"I'm going to come, Janine. Are you ready?"

"Oh, yeah. Come with me!" she cried. I'd held back long enough. I plunged into her one last time, and stayed inside her as my cream blasted into her. Then I collapsed and rolled next to her. "Do you think you'll be able to sleep?"

"Oh, yeah," she moaned. "I'm much more relaxed now."—*K.O., Georgia*

Ex Hits the Spot

One night, my buddy and I were at a bar when I got a call from my ex-girlfriend Grace. She was having some trouble with her car and wanted to

know if I'd take a look at it. We were still friends, but I hadn't heard from her in a while.

Grace was one of those quiet girls who was never much into sex, but somewhere along the line she changed. As soon as I got into her SUV, her hands were down my pants.

"Nice to see you, too," I said. We made out and felt each other up till I suggested she let me test-drive the car. I'd get to her needs later.

The car turned over with no problem. While I drove, Grace asked what I'd been up to. I was more interested in why she'd done a 180 regarding sex and when she'd learned to become the aggressor, but I didn't want to make her feel self-conscious.

We'd only gone a couple of miles when the car started to overheat. I pulled onto an old logging trail to let the engine rest. I was about to ask Grace if she'd like me to stay over and work on the car in the morning, but she was already taking off her pants and top. Then she unzipped my jeans and freed my cock.


I wasn't about to ask questions. This was the Grace I'd always wanted. She still had the hottest body and the greatest ass I'd ever seen. She pulled her thong down to her knees and played with her pussy while she gave me a blowjob. I'd always had to beg Grace to suck my cock when we were together, so this was amazing!

Just when I thought I was going to lose it, she climbed on top of me and began to rub my cock against her pussy. She was so slick, I wanted to lay her down right there and fuck her lights out. Then she slid onto my latex-covered cock and started bouncing. She had me at the brink in no time.

After I came, she lay back for me to eat her pussy. She was really horny and couldn't seem to get enough of my tongue. I brought Grace to orgasm several times until, incredibly, she went down on me again. I was already so close that it didn't take long before I was ready to explode.

"I'm coming! Oh, God!" I moaned, as I tried to pull out of her mouth. She'd never let me come in her mouth before, but the new Grace held on, and when I came, she did her best to swallow my entire load. I couldn't remember ever coming so hard with any girl. I was so out of breath, I felt as if I'd just run a marathon.

"So, now what?" I asked.

"Want to come back to my place and check under my hood?" she asked.—*T.D., South Carolina* 

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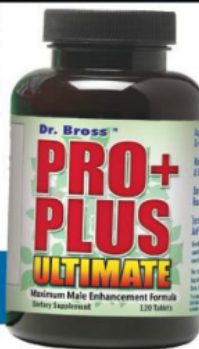
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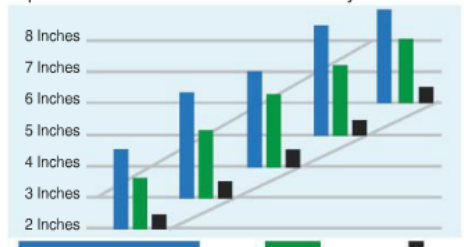
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Honey Pot

In the movie *Pain & Gain*, the gang's femme fatale character was based on Elena Sabina Petrescu, published in *Penthouse* as Nina Calais. After ringleader Daniel Lugo had convinced Petrescu he was in the CIA, she dated the kidnapping victim and acted as Lugo's inside woman. Oddly enough, Petrescu is also the model in our May 2005 issue who initially catches the attention of Danny McBride in the movie *This Is the End*.

will she?™



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